Madagaſcar; WITH OTHER Poems.

BY

W. DAVENANT.



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IF

THESE POEMS LIVE,

MAY

THEIR MEMORIES,

BY WHOM

THEY WERE CHERISH'D,

END. PORTER, H. IARMYN,

LIVE WITH THEM.

TO My worthy Friend Mr. *William Davenant*; upon his Poem of *Madagascar*, which he writ to the most Illustrious Prince RUPERT.

I Am compell'd by your commands to write
I'th Frontis-peece of this, and sure I might
With quaint conceits, here to the World set forth
The merit of the Poem, and your worth;
Had I well fancy'd reasons to begin,
And a choyce Mould, to cast good verses in:
But wanting these, what pow'r (alas) have I
To write of any thing? will men rely
On my opinion? which in Verse, or Prose,
Hath just that credit, which we give to those
That sagely whisper, secrets of the Court,
Having but *Lees*, for *Essence*, from Report.

And

And that's the knowledge which belongs to mee;
For by what's ſaid, I gueſſe at Poetrie:
As when I heare them read ſtrong-lines, I cry
Th'are rare, but cannot tell you rightly why:
And now I finde this quality was it,
That made ſome Poet cite mee for a wit:
Now God forgive him for that huge miſtake!
If hee did know, but with what paines I make
A Verſe, hee'ld pittie then my wretched caſe;
For at the birth of each, I twiſt my Face,
As if I drew a Tooth; I blot, and write,
Then looke as pale, as ſome that goe to fight:
With the whole Kennell of the Alphabet,
I hunt ſometimes an houre, one Rime to get:
What I approv'd of once, I ſtreight deny,
Like an unconſtant Prince, then give the lye
To my owne invention, which is ſo poore,
As here I'de kiſſe your hands, and ſay no more;
Had I not ſeene a childe with Sizors cut,
A folded Paper, unto which was put
More chance, than skill, yet when you open it,
You'd thinke it had beene done, by Art and Wit:

So

So I (perhaps) may light upon ſome ſtraine,
Which may in this your good opinion gaine;
And howſoever, if it be a plot,
You may be certaine that in this, y'have got
A foyle to ſet your Jewell off, which comes
From *Madagaſcar*, ſcenting of rich gummes;
Before the which, my lay conceits will ſmell,
Like an abortive Chick, deſtroy'd i'th ſhell:
Yet ſomething I muſt ſay, may it prove fit;
I'le doe the beſt I can; and this is it.

What lofty fancie was't poſſeſt your braine,
And caus'd you ſoare into ſo high a ſtraine!
Did all the Muſes joyne, to make this Peece
Excell what wee have had, from Rome, or Greece?
Or did you ſtrive, to leave it as a Friend
To ſpeake your prayſes, when there is an end
Of your mortalitie? If you did ſo,
Envy will then, ſcarce finde you out a Foe:
But let me tell you (Friend) the heightning came,
From the reflection of Prince *Rupert's* name;
Whoſe glorious Genius caſt into your ſoule,
Divine conceits, ſuch as are fit t'inroule,

In great *Apollo's* court, there to remaine
For future ages to transcribe againe:
For such a Poem, in so sweet a stile,
As yet, was never landed on this Isle:
And could I speake your prayses at each *Pore*,
Twere little for the worke; it merits more.

Endimion Porter.

TO

TO MY FRIEND *Will. Davenant*; upon his Poem of *Madagascar*.

WHat mighty Princes Poets are? those things
The great ones ſtick at, and our very Kings
Lay downe, they venter on; and with great eaſe,
Diſcover, conquer, what, and where they pleaſe.
Some Flegmatick Sea-Captaine, would have ſtaid
For money now, or Victualls; not have waid
Anchor without'em; Thou (*will*) do'ſt not ſtay
So much as for a Wind, but go'ſt away,
Land'ſt, View'ſt the Country; fight'ſt, put'ſt all to rout,
Before another cou'd be putting out!

And

And now the newes in towne is ; *Dav'nant's* come
From *Madagaſcar*, Fraught with Laurell home,
And welcome (*will*) for the firſt time, but prithee
In thy next Voyage, bring the Gold too with thee.

I. Suckling.

On

On his other Poems.

THou haſt redeem'd us, *will*; and future Times,
Shall not account unto the Age's crimes
Dearth of pure Wit: ſince the great Lord of it
(*Donne*) parted hence, no Man has ever writ
So neere him, in's owne way: I would commend
Particulars, but then, how ſhould I end
Without a Volume? Ev'ry Line of thine
Would aske (to praiſe it right) Twenty of mine.

I. Suckling.

To *Will. Davenant* my Friend.

WHen I behold, by warrant from thy Pen,
A Prince rigging our Fleets, arming our, (Men,
Conducting to remoteſt ſhores our force
(Without a *Dido* to retard his courſe)
And thence repelling in ſucceſſe-full fight,
Th'uſurping Foe (whoſe ſtrength was all his Right)
By two brave *Heroes*, (whom wee juſtly may
By *Homer's Ajax* or *Achilles* lay,)
I doubt the Author of the Tale of Troy,
With him, that makes his Fugitive enjoy
The Carthage Queene, and thinke thy Poem may
Impoſe upon Poſteritie, as they
Have done on us: What though Romances lye
Thus blended with more faithfull Hiſtorie?

Wee,

Wee, of th'adult'rate mixture not complaine,
But thence more Characters of Vertue gaine;
More pregnant Patterns, of tranſcedent Worth,
Than barren and inſipid Truth brings forth:
So, oft the Baſtard nobler fortune meets,
Than the dull Iſſue of the lawfull ſheets.

Thomas Carew.

TO

TO MY FRIEND, *Will. Davenant.*

I Crouded 'mongſt the firſt, to ſee the Stage
(Inſpir'd by thee) ſtrike wonder in our Age,
By thy bright fancie dazled: Where each Sceane
Wrought like a charme, and forc't the Audience leane
To th' paſſion of thy Pen: Thence Ladies went
(Whoſe abſence Lovers ſigh'd for) to repent
Their unkind ſcorne; And Courtiers, who by art
Made love before, with a converted hart,
To wed thoſe Virgins, whom they woo'd t'abuſe;
Both renderd Hymen's pros'lits by thy Muſe.

But others who were proofe 'gainſt Love, did ſit
To learne the ſubtle Dictats of thy Wit;
And as each profited, tooke his degree,
Maſter, or Batchelor, in Comedie.

Who

Who on the Stage, though ſince they venter'd not,
Yet on ſome Lord, or Lady, had their plot
Of gaine, or favour: Ev'ry nimble jeſt
They ſpake of thine, b'ing th' entrance to a Feaſt,
Or neerer whiſper: Moſt thought fit to be
So farre concluded Wits, as they knew thee.

But here the Stage thy limit was. Kings may
Find proud ambition humbled at the ſea,
Which bounds dominion: But the nobler flight
Of Poeſie, hath a ſupremer right
To Empire, and extends her large command
Where ere th'invading Sea aſſaults the land.

Ev'n *Madagaſcar* (which ſo oft hath been
Like a proud Virgin tempted, yet ſtill ſeen
Th'Enemy Court the Wind for flight) doth lie
A trophie now of thy Wits Victorie:
Nor yet diſdaines deſtruction to her ſtate,
Encompaſt with thy Laurell in her fate.

William Habington.

To

Madagaſcar.

A Poem written to Prince RUPERT.

MY Soule, this Winter, hath beene twice about
To ſhift her narrow Manſion, and looke out;
To aire her yet unpractis'd wings, and trie
Where Soules are entertain'd when Bodyes die:
For this intended journey was to cleere
Some ſubtle humane doubts, that vex her here,
And for no other cauſe; how ere the Court
Beleeve (whoſe cruell wits turne all to ſport)
'Twas not to better my philoſophie
That I would mount, and travell through the Skie,
As if I went, on Natures embaſſie;
Whoſe *Legate* there, Religion termes a *Spie*.

But these sick offers to depart, they call
A wearinesse of life, each *Spring*, and *Fall*:
And this beliefe (though well resolv'd before)
Made mee so sullen, that I'le die no more
Than old *Chaldean* Prophets in their sleepe;
Who still some reliques of their Soules, would keepe
As gage for the returne of what they sent,
For visions to the starry Firmament.
Thus in a dreame, I did adventure out
Just so much Soule, as Sinners giv'n to doubt
Of after usage, dare forgoe a while:
And this swift Pilot steer'd unto an Isle,
Betweene the Southern *Tropick* and the *Line*;
Which (noble Prince) my prophecie cals thine:
There on a Christall Rock I sate, and saw
The empire of the Winds, new kept in awe,
By things, so large, and weighty as did presse
Waves to Bubbles, or what unswell'd to lesse:
The Sea, for shelter hastned to the shore;
Sought harbor for it selfe, not what it bore:
So well these Ships could rule; where ev'ry Saile,
The subdu'd Winds, court with so milde a gale,

As if the ſpacious Navy lay *adriſt*;
Sayles ſwell'd, to make them comely more than ſwift:
And then I ſpi'd (as cauſe of this command)
Thy mighty Uncles Trident in thy hand;
By which myſterious figure I did call
Thee chiefe, and univerſall Admirall!
For well our northerne Monarch knowes; howere
The Sea is dully held, the proper ſpheare
Wherein that Trident ſwayes, yet, in his hand
It turnes ſtrait to a Scepter when on land:
And ſoone this wiſe aſſertion prov'd a truth;
For when thy ſelfe, with thy advent'rous Youth
Were diſimbarqu'd; ſtrait with one lib'rall minde,
That long-loſt, ſcatter'd-parcell of mankinde,
Who from the firſt diſorder'd throng did ſtray
And then fix heere, now yeeld unto thy ſway:
On Olive trees, their Quivers empty hung,
Their Arrowes were unplum'd, their Bowes unſtrung:
But ſome from farr, with jealous Opticks trace
Lines of thy Mothers beauty in thy face:
By which, ſo much thou ſeem'ſt the God of love,
That with tumultuous haſte they ſtrait remove,

And hide, their Magazin of Archerie;
Leſt what was their defence, might now ſupply
Thy Godhead, which is harmeleſſe yet; but know
When thou ſhalt head a Shaft, and draw a Bow,
Each then thou conquerſt, muſt a Lover be;
The worſt eſtate of their captivitie.

What ſound is that! whoſe concord makes a jarre
'Tis noiſe in peace, though harmonie in warre:
The Drumme; whoſe doubtfull Muſick doth delight
The willing eare, and the unwilling fright.
Had wet *Orion* choſen to lament
His griefs at Sea, on ſuch an Inſtrument;
Perhaps the martiall Muſick might incite
The Sword-fiſh, Thraſher, and the Whale to fight,
But not to dance; the Dolphin he ſhould lack,
Who to delight his eare, did load his back:
And now as Thunder, calls ere Stormes doe riſe;
Yet not forewarnes, 'till juſt they may ſurpriſe;
Till the aſſembling clouds are met, to powre
Their long provided furie in one ſhowre;
Even ſo this little thunder of the Drumme,
Foretold a danger juſt when it was come:

Who

When ſtrait mine Eye, might ratifie mine Eare;
And ſee that true, which heard, was but my feare:
For in a firme well order'd body ſtood,
Erected Pikes, like a young leaveleſſe Wood;
And that ſhew'd dark, they were ſo cloſe combin'd;
And ev'ry narrow *File* was double *lin'd*;
But with ſuch nimble Miniſters of fire,
That could ſo quickly charge, ſo ſoone retire,
That ſhot ſo faſt; to ſay it lightned were
No praiſe, unto a Gunners motion there;
Nor yet to ſay, it lightned ev'ry where;
Their number thence, not ſwiftneſſe would appeare;
Since ſo inceſſant ſwift; that in mine eye,
Lightning ſeem'd ſlow, and might be taught to flie!
Tis lawfull then to ſay, thou didſt appeare
To wonder much, although thou couldſt not feare:
Thy knowledge (Prince) were younger than thy (time,
If not amaz'd; to ſee in ſuch a clime,
Where Science is ſo new, men ſo exact,
In *Tactick* Arts, both to deſigne, and act.
Theſe from unwieldy Ships (the day before)
The weary Seas disburdned on the ſhore:

In envy of thy hopes they hither came ;
And Envy men in warr Ambition name ;
Ambition, Valor ; but'tis valor's ſhame
When Envy feeds it more than noble Fame :
Strait I diſcern'd by what their Enſigne weares,
They are of thoſe ambitious Wanderers ;
Whoſe avaritious thoughts would teach them runne,
As long continu'd journeys as the Sunne ;
And make the title of their ſtrength, not right,
As knowne, and univerſall as his light :
For they beleeve their Monarch hath ſubdu'd
Already ſuch a ſpacious latitude ;
That ſure, the good old Planet's bus'neſſe is
Of late, only to viſit what is his :
And thoſe faire beames, which he did think his owne
Are tribute now, and he, his ſubject growne ;
Yet not impair'd in title, ſince they call
Him kindly, his *Surveyor-Generall.*

Now give mee Wine ! and let my fury riſe,
That what my travail'd Soul's immortall eies
With joy, and wonder ſaw, I may reherſe
To curious Eares, in high, immortall verſe !

Two of this furious Squadron did advance;
Commanded to compriſe the publique chance
In their peculiar fates: Their Swords they drew;
And two, whoſe large renowne their Nation knew,
Two of thy party (Prince) they call'd to try
By equall duell ſuch a victory,
As gives the Victor's ſide a full command
Of what poſſeſs'd by both, is neithers Land.
And this to ſave the Peoples common blood;
By whom although no cauſe is underſtood;
Yet Princes being vex'd they muſt take care
To doe not what they ought, but what they dare:
Their reaſon on their courage muſt rely;
Though they alike the quarrell juſtifie,
And in their Princes kinde indiff'rent eie
Are dutious fooles, that either kill, or die.
This ſafe agreement by the gen'rall voyce
Was ratifi'd with vowes; then ſtrait thy choice
For the encounter (Prince) with greedy eye
I did intirely view; and both I ſpie
March to the Liſt; whilſt eithers cheerefull looke
Fore-told glad hopes, of what they undertooke.

Their lookes; where forc'd-ſtate-clouds, nere ſtrive to lowre,
As if ſweet feature, bus'neſſe could make ſowre:
Where ſolemne ſadneſſe of a new court face,
Nere meant to ſignifie their pow'r, or place.
You may eſteeme them Lovers by their haire;
The colour warnes no Lady to deſpaire;
And Nature ſeem'd to prove their ſtature ſuch,
As tooke not ſcantly from her, nor too much:
So tall, wee can't miſ-name their ſtature length,
Nor think't leſſe made for comlineſſe, than ſtrength.
Their hearts are more, than what wee noble call,
And ſtill make Envy weary of her Gall.
So gentle ſoft; their valours with more eaſe,
Might be betrai'd to ſuffer than diſpleaſe:
Compar'd to Lovers, Lovers were undone;
Since ſtill the beſt gaine by compariſon.
Of theſe, the God-like *Sidney* was a Type,
Whoſe fame ſtill growes, and yet is ever ripe;
Like fruits of Paradiſe, which nought could blaſt
But ignorance; for a deſire to taſte,
And know, produc'd no curſe; but neut'rall will,
When knowledge made indiff'rent, good, and ill.

So

So whilſt our judgement keepes unmix'd, and puro,
Our *Sidney's* full-growne Fame will ſtill endure:
Sidney, like whom theſe Champions ſtrive to grace,
The ſilenc'd remnant of poore *Orpheus* race.
Firſt thoſe, whom mighty Numbers ſhall inſpire;
Then thoſe, whoſe eaſier art can touch his *Lyre*.
And they protect, thoſe who with wealthier fare,
Old *Zeuxis* lucky *Penſill* imitate.
And thoſe, who teach *Lyſippus* *Imag'rie*;
Formes, that if once alive, would never die!
Which though no offices of life they taſte,
Yet, like th'Elements (life's preſervers) laſt!
An Art, that travailes much, deriv'd to us
From pregnant Rome, to Rome from *Epheſus*!
But whither am I fled? A PoetsSong,
When love directs his praiſe, is ever long.

The Challenge was aloud; whilſt ev'ry where
Men ſtrive to ſhew their hopes, and hide their feare.
They now ſtood oppoſite, and neer: awhile
Their Eyes encounter'd, then in ſcorne they ſmile.
Each did diſguiſe the fury of his heart,
By ſafe, and temp'rate exerciſe of Art.

Seem'd to invite thoſe thruſts they moſt decline,
Receive and then returne in one true line:
As if, all *Archymedes* ſcience were
In duell both expreſs'd, and better'd there.
Each ſtrove the others judgement to ſurpaſſe;
Stood ſtiffe, as if their poſtures were in braſſe.
But who can keepe his cold wiſe temper long,
When honours warmes him, and his blood is young?
Thoſe ſubtle figures, they in judgement choſe
As guards ſecure, in rage they diſcompoſe:
Now *Hazard* is the play, Courage the *Maine*,
Which if it hits at firſt, aſſur's the gaine:
But Honor throwes at all; and in this ſtrife,
When Honor playes, how poore a ſtake is life?
Which ſoone (alas!) the adverſe Second found;
Made wiſe, by the example of a wound:
But Gamſters wiſdome ever comes too late;
So deare 'tis bought, of that falſe Merchant Fate:
For our bold Second by that wound had wone
The treaſure of his ſtrength; whilſt quite undone,
He ſhrunke from this unlucky ſport: but now
More angry wrinckles on his Rivals brow

Appear'd

Appear'd, than hunted Lions weare; and all
His ſtrength, hee ventures on our Principall:
Who entertain'd his ſtreame of fury ſo
As Seas meet Rivers whom they force to flow:
It is repulſe makes Rivers ſwell, and he
Forc'd back, got courage from our victorie:
Rivers, that Seas doe teach to rage, are toſt,
And troubled for their pride, then quickly loſt:
So he was taught that anger, which he ſpent
To make the others wrath more prevalent.
For in the next aſſault he felt the beſt,
Firſt part of Man (the Monarch of his breſt)
To ſicken in its warme, and narrow Throne,
His Rivals haſty Soule, to ſhades anknowne
Was newly fled; but his made greater haſte,
His feares had ſo much ſenſe of ſuff'rings paſt:
Such danger he diſcern'd in's Victors eye;
Whom he beleev'd, ſo skill'd in victorie;
As if his Soule ſhould neere his body ſtay,
The cruell heavens, would teach him finde a way
To kill that too; by which, no pride (wee ſee)
Can make us ſo prophane as miſerie?

This

This when their Campe beheld, they ſtrait abjure
That pitty in their vow; which to ſecure
The publique bloud, ventur'd their hopes, and fame,
On Two, cauſe they could dye, were cenſur'd tame:
And to exhort, ſuch vex'd, and various Minds,
Were in a ſtorme, to reconcile the Winds,
With whiſper'd precepts of philoſophy;
Armes, and Religion, ſeldome can comply.
Their faith they break, and in a Body draw
Their looſer ſtrength, to give the Victors law.

Charge! charge! the battaile is begun! and now
I ſaw, thy Vncles anger in thy brow:
Which like Heavens fire, doth ſeldom force aſſume,
Or kindle till tis fit, it ſhould conſume:
Heavens ſlow, unwilling fire; that would not fall,
'Till Two injurious Cities ſeem'd to call
With their loud ſinnes; and when t'was time it muſt
Deſtroy; although it was ſeverely juſt
To thoſe, ſo much perverted in their will;
The righteous ſaw the fire, yet fear'd no ill.
So careleſſe ſafe, here all the Natives were,
Who ſtood, as if too innocent to feare,

As if they knew, thy Uncle bred thy Fate,
And his juſt anger thou didſt imitate.
But thy proud Foes, who thought the Morne did riſe,
For no chiefe cauſe, but to ſalute their Eies;
Are now enform'd by Death, it may grow Night
With them, yet others ſtill enjoy the light:
For ſtrait (me thought) their periſh'd Bodies lay
To ſoyle the Ground, they conquer'd yeſterday.
O, why is valour priz'd at ſuch a rate?
Or if a Vertue, why ſo fool'd by Fate?
That Land, achiev'd with patient toyle, and might
Of emulous encounter in the fight,
They muſt not only yeeld, when they muſt dy,
But dead, it for the Victor fructifie.
And now our Drummes ſo fill each adverſe Eare,
Their fellowes groanes, want roome to enter there;
Like Ships neere Rocks, when ſtormes are growne ſo (high,
They cannot warne each other with their cry:
Ev'n ſo, not hearing what would make them flye,
All ſtay'd, and ſunke, for ſad ſocietie:
Their wounds are ſuch, the Neighb'ring Rivers need
No Springs to make them flow, but what they bleed:

Where

Where Fiſhes wonder at their red-dy'd flood,
And by long nouriſhment on humane blood,
May grow ſo neere a kin to men, that he
who feeds on them hereafter, needs muſt be
Eſteem'd as true a Caniball, as thoſe
Whoſe luſcious diet is their conquer'd Foes.

Sure *Adam* when himſelfe he firſt did ſpie
So ſingular, and onely in his eye;
Yet knew, all to that ſingle ſelfe pertain'd,
Which the Sunne ſaw, or Elements ſuſtain'd;
He not beleev'd, a race from him might come
So num'rous, that to make new off-ſpring roome,
Is now the beſt excuſe of Nature, why
Men long in growth, ſo eaſily muſt die.
Eden, which God did this firſt Prince allow,
But as his *Privie-garden* then, is now
A ſpacious Country found; elſe wee ſupplie
With dreames, not truth, long loſt Geographie:
And each high Iſland then (though nere ſo wide)
Was but his *Mount*, by Nature fortifi'd;
And every Sea, wherein thoſe Islands float,
Moſt aptly then, he might have call'd his *Moat*.

Parts,

Parts, and diviſions were computed ſmall,
When rated by his meaſure that had all:
And all was *Adams* when the world was new;
Then ſtrait that all, ſucceeded to a few;
Whilſt men were in their ſize, not number ſtrong;
But ſince, each Couple is become a Throng:
Which is the cauſe wee buſie ev'ry winde
(That ſtudious Pilots in their compaſſe finde)
For Lands unknowne: where thoſe who firſt doe come
Are not held ſtrangers, but arrive at home:
Yet he that next ſhall make his viſit there,
Is puniſh'd for a Spie and Wanderer:
Not that Man's nature is averſe from peace;
But all are wiſely jealous of increaſe:
For Eaters grow ſo faſt, that wee muſt drive
Our friends away to keepe our ſelves alive:
And Warr would be leſſe needfull, if to die,
Had bin as pleaſant as to multiplie.

Forgive mee Prince, that this aſpiring flame
(Firſt kindled as a light, to ſhew thy fame)
Conſumes ſo faſt, and is miſ-ſpent ſo long,
Ere my chiefe Viſion is become my Song.

Thy

Thy ſelfe I ſaw, quite tir'd with victorie;
As weary growne to kill, as they to die:
Whilſt ſome at laſt, thy mercy did enjoy
'Cauſe t'was leſſe paines, to pardon than deſtroy;
And thy compaſſion did thy Army pleaſe,
In meere beleefe, it gave thy Valour eaſe.

Here in a calme began thy regall ſway;
Which with ſuch cheerefull hearts, all did obey,
As if no Law, were juſter than thy word;
Thy Scepter ſtill were ſafe, without a Sword.
And here *Chronologers* pronounce thy ſtile;
The firſt true Monarch of the *Golden Isle*:
An *Isle*, ſo ſeated for predominance,
Where Navall ſtrength, its power can ſo advance,
That it may tribute take, of what the Eaſt
Shall ever ſend in traffique to the Weſt.

He that from curſed *Mahomet* derives
His ſinfull blood: the *Sophy* too, that ſtrives
To prove, he keepes that very Chaire in's Throne,
The *Macedonian Youth* laſt ſate upon:
And hee, whoſe wilder pride, makes him abhor
All but the Sunne, for his Progenitor;

Whoſe

Whoſe Mother ſure, was raviſh'd in a dreame,
By ſomes o're hot, laſcivious Noone-day-beame;
From whence, he cals himſelfe, *The wealth of ſight*,
The *Morn's Executor*, the *Heire of Light*:
And he, that thinks his rule extends ſo farre,
He hopes, the former Three his Vaſſailes are:
Compar'd to him, in Warre hee rates them leſſe,
Than *Corporals*; than *Conſtables* in peace:
And hopes the mighty *Presbiter* ſtands bare
In rev'rence of his name, and will not dare
To weare (though ſick) his purple *Turband* on
Within a hundred Leagues, of his bright Throne.

Theſe Mortall Gods, for traffique ſtill diſperſe
Their envy'd wealth, throughout the univerſe;
In *Caracks*, built ſo wide, that they want roome
In narrow Seas; or in a *Iunck*, whoſe wombe
So ſwels, as could our wonder be ſo mad,
To thinke that Boats, or Ships their ſexes had;
Who them beheld, would ſimply ſay; ſure theſe
Are neere their time, and big with *Pinnaces*:
Yet though ſo large, and populous, they all
Muſt tribute pay, unto thy Admirall.

Now

Now Wealth (the cauſe, and the reward of War)
Is greedily explor'd: ſome buſie are
In virgin Mines; where ſhining gold they ſpie,
That darkens the Celeſtiall Chymicks eye:
I wiſh'd my Soule had brought my body here,
Not as a Poet, but a Pioner.
Some neere the deepeſt ſhore are ſent to dive;
Whilſt with their long retentive breath they ſtrive
To root up Corall Trees, where *Mermaids* lie,
Sighing beneath thoſe Precious boughs, and die
For abſence of their ſcaly Lovers loſt
In midnight ſtormes, about the Indian coaſt.
Some finde old Oyſters, that lay gapeing there
For ev'ry new, freſh flood, a hundred yeare;
From theſe they rifle Pearles whoſe pond'rous ſize
Sinks weaker Divors when they ſtrive to riſe:
So big, on Carckonets were never ſeene,
But where ſome well truſs'd Gianteſſe is Queene;
For though th'are Orient, and deſign'd to deck,
Their weight would yoke a tender Ladies Neck.
Some climbe, and ſearch the Rocks, till each have (found
A *Saphyr*, *Ruby*, and a *Diamond*:

That

That which the *Sultan's* gliſtrings Bride doth weare,
To theſe would but a Glowormes eie appeare:
The Tuſcan Duk's compar'd, ſhewes ſick, and dark;
Theſe living Starres, and his a dying ſpark.
And now I ſaw (what urg'd my wonder more)
Black Suds of *Ambar-Greece*, float to the ſhore:
Whilſt rude'dull Mariners, who hardly can
Diſtinguiſh Buffe, or Hides, from Cordovan,
(Since gloves they never weare) this Oyntment uſe
Not to perfume, but ſupple their parch'd Shooes.
Now others haſten to the woods, and there
Such fruits for taſte and odor, ev'ry where
Are ſeene; that the Merabolan by ſome
Is ſlighted as a courſe ſowre winter-Plumme.
Then new temptations make them all in love
With wand'ring, till invited to a Grove,
They ſtrait thoſe ſilken litle Weavers ſpie,
That worke ſo faſt on leaves of Mulberie:
The Perſian worme (whoſe weary ſommer toyles
So long hath beene the ruſling Courtiers ſpoyles)
Compar'd to theſe, lives ever lazily,
And for neat ſpinning is a bungling Flie!

Such

Such hopes of wealth diſcern'd, tis hard to ſay
How gladly reaſon did my faith obey;
As if that miracle would now appeare,
Which turnes a Poet to an Uſurer:
But reaſon ſoone will with our faith conſpire,
To make that eaſie which wee much deſire:
Nor, Prince, will I deſpaire; though all is thine,
That *Pioners* now dig from ev'ry Mine;
Though all, for which on ſlipp'ry Rocks they ſtrive,
Or gather when in Seas they breathleſſe dive;
Though Poets ſuch unlucky Prophets are,
As ſtill foretell more bleſſings than they ſhare;
Yet when thy noble choyce appear'd, that by
Their Combat firſt prepar'd thy victorie;
Endimion, and *Arigo*; who delight
In Numbers and make ſtrong my Muſes flight!
Theſe when I ſaw; my hopes could not abſtaine,
To think it likely I might twirle a Chaine
On a judiciall Bench: learne to demurre,
And ſleepe out trials in a gowne of Furre;
Then reconcile the rich, for Gold-fring'd-gloves,
The poore, for God-ſake, or for Sugar-loaves!

When

When I perceiav'd, that cares on wealth rely;
That I was deſtin'd for authoritie,
And early Gowts; my Soule in a ſtrange fright
From this rich Iſle began her haſty flight;
And to my halfe dead Body did returne,
Which new inſpir'd, roſe cheerefull as the Morne.

Heroique Prince, may ſtill thy acts, and name,
Become the wonder and diſcourſe of Fame;
May ev'ry Laurell, ev'ry Mirtle bough,
Be ſtrip'd for Wreaths, t'adorne, and load thy brow;
Triumphant Wreaths, which cauſe they never fade,
Wiſe elder times, for Kings and Poets made:
And I deſerve a little ſprig of Bay,
To weare in Greece on *Homers* Holy-day;
Since I aſſume, when I thy Battailes write,
That very flame, which warm'd thee in the fight.

FINIS.

Elizium.

To the Ducheſſe of BVCKINGHAM.

MADAM,

SO ſleeps the Anchoret on his cheap bed,
(whoſe ſleep wants only length to prove him dead)
As I laſt night, whom the ſwift wings of Thought,
Convey'd to ſee what our bold faith had taught;
Elizium, where reſtored formes nere fade;
Where growth can need no ſeeds, nor light a ſhade;
The joyes which in our fleſh, through fraile expence
Of ſtrength, through age, were loſt t'our injur'd ſenſe,
Wee there doe meet agen; and thoſe we taſte
Anew, which though devour'd, yet ever laſt:

The

The ſcatter'd treaſure of the Spring, blowne by
Autumn's rude winds from our diſcoverie;
Lillies, and Roſes; all that's faire and ſweet,
There reconcil'd to their firſt roots we meet:
There, only thoſe triumphant Lovers reigne,
Whoſe paſſions knew on earth ſo little ſtaine,
Like Angels they nere felt what ſexes meant;
Virtue, was firſt their nature, then intent:
There, toyling Victors ſafely are poſſeſt,
With fervent youth, eternitie, and reſt;
But they were ſuch, who when they got the field;
To teach the conquer'd, victorie, could yeeld
Themſelves againe, as if true glorie were
To bring the foe to courage, not to feare.
There are no talking Greeks, who their blood loſt,
Not for the cauſe, but for a theame to boaſt;
As if they ſtrove enough for Fame, that ſought
To have their Batailes better told, than fought.
There I a *Veſtal's* Shadow firſt did ſpy,
Who when a live with holy huſwifry,
Trick'd up in lawne, and flow'ry Wreaths (each hand
Cleane as her thoughts) did'fore the Altar ſtand:

So buſie ſtill, ſtrewing her Spice, and then
Removing Coales, vexing the Fire agen,
As if ſome queaſie *Goddeſſe* had profeſs'd,
To taſte no ſmoak that day, but what ſhe dreſs'd:
This holy coyle ſhe living kept; but farre
More buſie now, with more delightfull care
Than when ſhe watch'd the conſecrated Flame,
Sh'attends the *Shade* of gentle *Buckingham*;
Who there unenvi'd ſits, with Chaplets crownd;
And with wiſe ſcorne, ſmiles on the Peoples wound;
He call'd it ſo; for though it touch'd his heart,
His Nation feeles the rancour, and the ſmart.

TO
The Lord *D. L.* upon his Mariage.

WEe that are *Orpheus* Sons, and can inherit (ſpirit;
By that great title, nought but's num'rous
His broaken *Harpe*, and when w'are tir'd with moane,
A few ſmall Trees of *Bay* to hang it on.
Wee that ſucceſſively can claime no more,
From ſuch a poore unlucky Anceſtor;
Muſt now (my noble Lord) take thrifty care,
To know, what moderne wealth the Muſes ſhare?
Or how it is diſpos'd? and ſtrait wee finde
Great, pow'rfull *Love*, hath bount'ouſly reſign'd
Into your happy Armes, the chiefe, and beſt,
Of all that our ambitious hopes poſſeſt:

Your noble Bride; to whoſe eternall Eies,
Wee daily offer'd Wreaths in Sacrifice:
Whoſe warmth gave *Laurell* growth, whoſe ev'ry beame
Was firſt our influence, and then our theame:
Whoſe breſt (too narrow for her heart) was ſtill
Her reaſons Throne, and priſon to her will:
And ſince, this is your willing faith; tis fit
What all the kinde, and wiſer Starres commit
Unto your charge, be with ſuch eager love,
And ſoft indeerements us'd, as well may prove,
They meant, when firſt they taught you how to wooe,
She ſhould be happy, and the Muſes too.
Live ſtill, the pleaſure of each others ſight;
To each, a new made wonder, and delight;
Though two, yet both ſo much one conſtant minde,
That t'will be art, and myſtery to finde
(Your thoughts and wiſhes, being ſtill the ſame)
From which of eithers loving heart they came.

A Journey into *Worceſterſhire.*

THree, who (if kinder Deſtinies ſhall pleaſe)
May all dye rich, though they love Wit, and eaſe;
And I, whom ſome odde hum'rous Planet bid
To regiſter the doughty acts they did,
Tookehorſe; leaving ith' Town, ill Playes, ſowre Wine,
Fierce Serjeants and the plague; beſides of mine
An Ethnick Taylor too, that was farre worſe
Than theſe, or what juſt Heaven did ever curſe.
Scarce was the buſie Citie left behind,
But from the South aroſe a buſier Winde;
Which ſent us ſo much raine, each man did wiſh,
His hands and leggs, were Finnes, his Horſe, a Fiſh.
Dull as a thick-skull'd- *Iuſtice*, drunke with Sloth;
Or *Alderman* (farre-gone in Capon Broth)

Wee all appear'd; no man gave breath to thought;
But like to ſilent Traytors in a Vault,
Digg'd on our way; or as wee Traytors were
T'our ſelves, and jealous of each others Eare:
And as i'th Worlds great Showre, ſome that did ſpie
(Hors'd on the Plaines) Rivers, and Seas draw nigh;
Spurr'd on apace; in feare all loſt their time,
That could not reach a ground where they might (climbe;
So wee did never thinke us ſafe, untill
Wee had attain'd the Top o'th firſt high Hill:
And now it cleer'd: ſo to my travail'd Eie,
Lookes a round yellow Dane, when he doth ſpie
Neere to his puiſſant Arme, a Bowle ſo full,
That it may fill his Bladder, and his Skull,
As *Phebus* at this moyſture ſalne; who laught;
To ſee ſuch plenty for his mornings draught:
But like Chamelions Colours that decay
But ſeemingly to give new colours way;
So our falſe griefs, had not themſelves outworne,
But ſtep'd aſide, to vary in returne.
Beare witneſſe World! for now my tir'd Horſe ſtood,
As I, a Vaulter were, and himſelfe Wood:

As

As if ſome Student fierce, the day before
Had ſpurr'd his full halfe Crowne from him, and more.
Endimion cryes, away! What make wee here?
To draw a Map, or gather Juniper?
More cruell than Shrove-Prentices, when they
(Drunk in a Brothell Houſe) are bid to pay;
Or than the Bawd at Seſſions, to that vilde
Indicted Rout, which firſt her houſe until'de,
Is now the Captaine; who laughing ſwore; thus,
Each puny Poet rides his Pegaſus.
But what's the cauſe my Lord ſpurs on amaine,
As if t'outride a Tartar, not the Raine;
Some ſuch ſwift Tartar as might ſafely ſay,
To an inviting friend, that tempts his ſtay;
Farwell; thou ſeeſt the Sunne declin'd long ſince,
And I'm to ſup a Hundred miles from hence.
My Lord (me thought) as he had heard this ſame,
Rod poſt, to eat that ſupper ere he came.
And now, my Mule moves too; but with ſuch ſpeed,
As Priſ'ners to a Pſalme, that cannot read:
Yet wee reach'd Wickham, with the early Night:
Which to deſcribe to Eares, or draw to Sight;

For ſcituation, or for forme, for heighth,
For ſtrength, or magnitude, would (in good faith)
But ſtale the price o'th Map; ſmall credit be
T'our Poem, leſſe to our Geographie:
Or as your riding Academicks uſe,
To toyle, and vex, a long fed mutton-Muſe,
With taking the circumference of mine Hoſt,
Or his Wives ſumitrie, were time worſe loſt;
Since nor *Tauretius*, nor *Van-dike*, have yet
Command to draw them for the *King* in great.
He that to night rul'd each delighted breaſt,
Gave to the pallat of each Eare a feaſt;
With joy of pledges made our ſowre wine ſweet,
And nimble as the leaping juice of Creet;
Was, the brave *Endimion*; whoſe triumphs, cleere,
From cruell tyranny, or too nice feare;
Having wit ſtill ready, and no huge ſinne
To cauſe a ſadneſſe that might keepe it in,
Let flye at all; the Shafts were keene; and when
They miſs'd to pierce, he ſtrongly drew agen.
But Sleep, whom Conſtables obey, though they
Have twenty Bills to keepe him off till day:

Sleepe,

Sheepe, whom th'high tun'd Cloth-worker, Weaver
Nor Cobler ſhrill, with Catches or his Aule, (tail,
Knowes to reſiſt, ſeal'd up our lips, and ſight;
Making us blind, and ſilent as the Night.
Our other Sallies, and th'adventures wee
Achiev'd, deſerve new braine, new Hiſtorie.

To *Endimion* Porter.

I Gave, when laſt I was about to die;
The Poets of this Isle a Legacie;
Each ſo much wealth, as a long union brings
T'induſtrious States, or Victorie to Kings:
So much as Hope's clos'd Eies, could wiſh to ſee,
Or tall Ambition reach; I gave them thee.
But as rich Men, who in their ſickneſſe mourne
That they muſt goe, and never more returne,
To be glad Heires unto themſelves, to take
Againe, what they unwillingly forſake;
As theſe bequeath, their treaſure, when they dye,
Not out of love, but ſad neceſſitie;

So

So I (they thought) did cunningly reſigne
Rather than give, what could no more be mine:
And they receiv'd thee not, from bounteous Chance,
Or mee; but as their owne inheritance.
This, when I heard, I cancell'd my fond Will;
Tempted my faith to my Phyſitians skill;
To purchaſe health, ſung prayſes in his Eare,
More than the Living of the Dead would heare.
For though our gifts, buy care, nought juſtly payes
Phyſitians love, but faith, their art, but prayſe:
Which I obſerv'd; now walke, as I ſhould ſee
A death of all things, ſave thy memorie.
But if this early Vintage ſhall create
New wiſhes in my blood, to celebrate
Thee *Endimion*, and thy Muſe, thy large heart,
Thy wiſdome that hath taught the world an art
How (not enform'd by Cunning,) courtſhip may
Subdue the minde, and not the Man betray:
If mee (thy Prieſt) our curled Youth aſſigne,
To waſh our Fleet-ſtreet Altars with new Wine;
I will (ſince 'tis to thee a Sacrifice)
Take care, that plenty ſwell not into vice;

Leſt, by a fiery ſurfet I be led,
Once more to grow devout in a ſtrange bed:
Leſt through kind weakneſſe in decay of health,
Or vanity to ſhew my utmoſt wealth;
I ſhould againe bequeath thee when I die,
To haughtie Poets as a Legacie.

TO THE QVEENE, entertain'd at night by the Counteſſe of *Angleſey*.

FAire as unſhaded Light; or as the Day
In its firſt birth, when all the Yeare was May;
Sweet, as the Altars ſmoake, or as the new
Unfolded Bud, ſwell'd by the early Dew;
Smooth, as the face of Waters firſt appear'd,
Ere Tides began to ſtrive, or Winds were heard;
Kind, as the willing Saints, and calmer farre,
Than in their ſleepes forgiven Hermits are:
You that are more, than our diſcreeter feare
Dares praiſe, with ſuch dull Art, what make you here?

Here,

Here, where the Sommer is ſo little ſeene,
That Leaves (her cheapeſt wealth) ſcarce reach at (greene;
You come, as if the ſilver Planet were
Miſled a while from her much injur'd Spheare,
And t'eaſe the travailes of her beames to night,
In this ſmall Lanthorn would contract her light.

In remembrance of Master *William Shakespeare*.

ODE.

(1)

BEware (delighted Poets !) when you sing
To welcome Nature in the early Spring;
Your num'rous Feet not tread
The Banks of Avon ; for each Flowre
(As it nere knew a Sunne or Showre)
Hangs there, the pensive head.

(2)

Each Tree, whose thick, and spreading growth hath (made,
Rather a Night beneath the Boughs, than Shade,
(Unwilling now to grow)
Lookes like the Plume a Captive weares,
Whose rifled *Falls* are steept i'th teares
Which from his last rage flow.

The

(3)

The piteous River wept it ſelfe away
Long ſince (Alas!) to ſuch a ſwift decay;
That reach the Map; and looke
If you a River there can ſpie;
And for a River your mock'd Eie,
Will finde a ſhallow Brooke.

To

To the Lady *Bridget Kingsmill*; sent with Mellons after a report of my Death.

MAdam, that Ghosts have walk'd; and kindly did
Convey Men heretofore to mony hid;
That they weare Chaines, which rattle 'till they make
More noise, than injur'd Ale-wives at a Wake;
All this is free to faith; but *Sozomine*,
Nor th'Abbot *Tretenheim*, nor *Rhodigine*,
Nor the Jew *Tripho*, though they all defend
Such dreames, can urge one Ghost that Verses pend:
Therefore, be pleas'd to thinke, when these are read;
I am no Ghost, nor have beene three weekes dead.
Yet Poets that so nobly vaine have beene,
To want so carelesly, till want prove sinne;
Through avarice of late, toth' Arches sent,
To know the chiefe within my Testament:

And

And th'Aldermen by Charter, title lay
('Cauſe writ 'ith City's Virge) to my new Play:
So if, the Proclamations, kinde, nice care,
Keepe you not (Madam) from our black raw Aire,
Next Terme, you'll finde it own'd thus on each Wall
writ by the Lord May'r, acted at Guild-Hall.
But then I muſt be dead; which if you will
In curteous pitty feare, and ſuſpect ſtill;
Theſe Mellons ſhall approach your penſive Eye,
Not as a Token but a Legacie.
Would theywere ſuch, as could have reach'd the ſenſe,
To know what uſe they had of excellence,
Since deſtin'd to be yours; ſuch as would be
(Now yours) juſtly ambitious of a Tree
To grow upon; ſcorne a dejected birth,
Courſe German Tiles, low Stalks, that lace the Earth:
Such, as ſince gladly yours, got skill, and pow'r,
To chooſe the ſtrongeſt Sunne, and weakeſt Showre:
Such, as in Groves Cecilian Lovers eat,
To coole thoſe wiſhes, that their Ladies heat.
But if the Gard'ner make (like *Adam*) all
Our human hopes, bold, and apocryphall;

And that my Mellons prove no better than
Thoſe lovely Pompe'ons, which in Barbican,
Fencers, and Vaulters Widowes pleaſe to eat,
Not as a Sallad, but cheap-filling-meat;
Thinke then I'm dead indeed; and that they were
Early bequeath'd, but pay'd too late i'th Yeare:
So the juſt ſcornes, of your lov'd wit, no more
Can hazard mee, but my Executor.

TO

To the King on New-yeares day 1630.

ODE.

(1)

THe joyes of eager Youth, of Wine, and Wealth,
Of Faith untroubled, and unphyſick'd Health;
Of Lovers, when their Nuptials nie,
Of Saints forgiven when they die;
Let this yeare bring
To *Charles* our King:
To *Charles*, who is th'example, and the Law,
By whom the good are taught, not kept in awe.

(2)

Long proffer'd Peace, and that not compaſs'd by
Expenſive Treaties but a Victorie;
And Victories by Fame obtain'd,
Or pray'r, and not by ſlaughter gain'd;

Let this yeare bring:
To *Charles* our King.
To *Charles*; who is th'example, and the Law,
By whom the good are taught, not kept in awe.

(3)

A Seſſion too, of ſuch who can obey,
As they were gather'd to conſult, not ſway:
Who not rebell, in hope to git
Some office to reclaime their wit;
Let this yeare bring
To *Charles* our King;
To *Charles*; who is th'example and the law,
By whom the good are taught, not kept in awe.

(4)

Prætors, who will the publique cauſe defend,
With timely gifts, not Speeches finely pend;
So make the Northerne Victors Fame
No more our envy, nor our ſhame;
Let this yeare bring
To *Charles* our King:
To *Charles*; who is th'example, and the law,
By whom the good are taught, not kept in awe.

TO THE QVEENE, presented with a ſuit, in the behalfe of *F. S.* directed, From *Orpheus* Prince of *Poets*, To the Queene of Light; In favour of a young liſtner to his *Harpe*.

I Sing theſe Numbers in the ſhady Land,
Where Ayrie Princes dwell; which I command
Some Spirit, or ſome Winde, gently convey
To you, whoſe breath is Spring, whoſe Eie-beames (Day!
'Gainſt your arrivall here, which muſt be late;
(Such pow'r the pray'rs of Mortalls have with Fate)
Fields I have dreſs'd, ſo rich in ſcent, and ſhow;
As if your influence taught our Flow'rs to grow:
Where ſtill delighted you ſhall nobly move;
Not like a ſad Shadow, as they above

With

With learned falſhood moſt unkindly dreame
Of ev'ry Ghoſt; but like a beautious Beame.
The Lilly, and the Roſe; which Lovers ſeeke,
Not on their ſtalks, but on their Ladies Cheeke;
Shall here not dare take root; nor yet the ſtrange
And various Tulip; which ſo oft doth change
Her am'rous Colours to a diff'rent hew,
That yearly Men beleeve the Species New.
In ſtead of theſe; on ev'ry Bank I'le ſhew
(Blith on his ſtemme) the nice *Adonis* grow;
Who though, in's beauties warm'th belov'd of old;
His tranſmutation only makes him cold;
For the amazed Goddeſſe now perceives,
Him ſcarce ſo faire in's Fleſh, as in his Leaves.
Then proud *Narciſſus*; whoſe rare beauty had
Farre leſſe excuſe, and cauſe, to make him mad,
When in his owne Eyes, flouriſhing alive;
Than ſince he was become a Vegative.
With theſe, the jealous *Crocus*, and the chaſte
Anemone, whoſe bluſhes ever laſt.
Now for a cooling Shade, what uſe have wee
Of the delightfull Lydian-Platan-Tree,

Which

Which *Xerxes* ſo much lov'd, or of the Lime,
Or the tall Pine, which ſpreads, as it doth climbe?
Or Lovers Sicamore, or mine owne Bay?
On which, ſince my *Euridices* ſad day,
My Harp hath ſilent hung: No Trees your Bowre
Shall need; the ſlender ſtalke of ev'ry Flow'r,
When you arrive among us, and diſpence
The lib'rall comfort of your influence,
Shall reach at Body, Rinde, and Boughs; then grow
Till't yeeld a Shade, as well as Scent, and Show.
For your Attendants here; *Tomiris*, ſhe
That taught her tender ſex, the wayes to victorie;
The Queene of Ithaca, whoſe precious name
For chaſte deſires, is deere to us, and Fame;
And *Artimeſia* whom Truths beſt Record,
Declar'd a living Tomb unto her Lord,
Shall ever wait upon your ſway; and when
The Deſtinies are ſo much vex'd with Men,
That the juſt God-like Monarch of your breſt,
Is ripe, and fit to take eternall reſt;
To court his ſpirit here, I will not call
The teſty Pyrrhus, or malicious Hanibal;

Nor yet the fiery Youth of *Macedon*,
Shall have the dignitie t'attend his Throne:
But mighty *Iulius*, who had thoughts ſo high
They humble ſeem'd, when th'aim'd at victorie;
And own'd a Soule ſo learn'd; Truth fear'd that ſhee
Might ſtand too nak'd, neere his Philoſophie:
In anger, valiant, gently calme, in love;
He ſoar'd an Eagle, but he ſtoop'd a Dove!
Know, Queene of light; hee onely doth appeare,
Fit to embrace your Royall Lover here:
Nor thinke my promiſe is the ayrie boaſt
Of a dead Greeke, a thinne-light-talking-Ghoſt:
It ſhall be well perform'd; and all I dare
For thoſe juſt toyles commend unto your care;
Is but a Poets humble ſuit; who now
With everlaſting Wreaths may deck his Brow;
Since firſt your Poet call'd; and by that ſtile
He is my Deputy throughout your Isle.

To

To the Lord *B.* in performance of a vow, that night to write to him.

MY Lord, it hath beene ask'd, why 'mongſt thoſe (few
I ſingled out for Fame, I choſe not you
With early ſpeed the firſt? but I, that ſtrive
My manners ſhould preſerve my Verſe alive;
That read Men, and my ſelfe; would not permit
The boldneſſe of my love, ſhould tax my wit.
There are degrees, that to the Altar lead;
Where ev'ry rude, dull Sinner muſt not tread:
'Tis not to bring, a ſwift thankes-giving Tongue,
Or prayers made as vehement as long,
Can privilege a zealous Votarie,
To come, where the High Prieſt ſhould only be:
Then why ſhould I (where ſome more skilfull hand
May offer Gummes, and Spice) ſtrew Duſt, and Sand?

And

And this (my chiefe of Lords) made me deſigne
Thoſe noble flames, ſprung from your nobler Wine,
To keepe my ſpirits warme; till I could prove
My Numbers ſmooth, and mighty as my love:
Yet ſuch my treach'rous fate, that I this night
(Fierce with untutor'd heat) did vow to write:
But happy thoſe, who undertake no more
Than what their ſtock of rage hath rul'd before!
It is a Poet's ſinne, that doth excell
In love, or wine, not to reſolve how well,
But ſtrait how much to write; for then wee think
The vaſt tumultuous Sea is but our Ink;
The World, our Foreſt too; and that wee may
Beleeve each Tree, that in it growes, a Bay.
My Vow now kept, I'm loth (my Lord) to doe
Wrong to your juſtice, and your mercy too;
The laſt, if you vouchſafe; you will excuſe
A ſtrong Religion here, though not a Muſe.

To *Endimion* Porter.

HOw safe (*Endimion*) had I liv'd? how blest,
In all the silent privacies of rest?
How might I lengthen sleeps, had I beene wise
Unto my selfe, and never seene thine Eyes?
My Verse (unenvy'd then) had learn'd to move
A slow, meeke pace; like sober *Hymns* of love
By some noch'd-Browniſt sung; that would indeere
His holy itch, to some chaste Midwives Eare:
The pleasure of ambition then had bin,
To me lost in the danger, and the sinne:
The Mirtle Sprig (that never can decay)
I had not knowne, nor Wreaths of living Bay:
Jn stead of these, and the wild Ivy Twine,
(Which our wise Fathers justly did assigne,
To him that in immortall Verse exceeds)
My Brow had worne, some homly Wreath of Weeds:

And ſuch low pride is ſafe: for though the Bay
Lightning, nor Winds can blaſt, yet Envy may.
If hidden ſtill from thee, I ſhould have leſſe
To anſwer now, for glory, and exceſſe:
My ſurfets had not reach'd the cunning yet,
To ſeeke an expiation from their wit:
For more than Village Ale, and drowſie Beere,
(Cawdles, and Broth to the dull Iſlander)
I nere had wiſh'd; now, My Man, hot, and dry,
With fierce tranſcriptions of my Poeſie;
Cryes, Sir, I thirſt! then ſtrait I bid him chuſe
(As Poets Prentices did ſurely uſe
Of Greece, and Rome) ſome cleere, cheap Brook; there (ſtay,
And drinke at Natures charge his thirſt away:
Though Faſts (more than are taught i'th Kalender)
Had made him weake; this gave him ſtrength to (ſweare;
And urge, that after *Horace* the divine
Mæcenas knew, his Slaves drunke ever Wine:
So whilſt *Endimion* lives, hee vowes to pierce
Old *Gaſcoine* Caske, or not tranſcribe a verſe.
If never knowne to thee, miſſing the skill
How to doe good, I ſhould have found my ill

Excus'd: Th'exceſſive charge of Ink, and Oyle,
Expence of quiet ſleepes, and the vaine toyle,
In which the Prieſt of Smyrna tooke delight,
(When he for knowledge chang'd his precious ſight)
Had ſcap'd me then; now whilſt I ſtrive to pleaſe
With tedious Art, I loſe the luſt of eaſe.
And when our Poets (enviouſly miſl-led)
Shall finde themſelves out-written, and out-read;
T'will urge their ſorrow too, that thou didſt give
To my weake Numbers, ſtrength, and joy to live.
But O! uneaſie thoughts! what will become
Of me, when thou retir'ſt into a Tombe?
The Cruell, and the Envious then will ſay;
Since now his Lord is dead; he that did ſway
Our publique ſmiles, opinion, and our praiſe,
Till wee this Childe of Poeſie did raiſe
To Fame, and love; let's drowne him in our Inke;
Where like a loſt dull Plummet let him ſinke
From humane ſight; from knowledge he was borne;
Unleſſe Succeſſion finde him in our ſcorne.
Remembrance, never to Repentance ſhowes,
The wealth wee gaine, but what wee feare to loſe;

Thou

Thou art my wealth; and more than Light ere ſpy'd,
Than Eaſterne Hills bring forth, or Seas can hide:
But thus when I reioyce, my feares divine,
I want the fate, ſtill to preſerve thee mine:
And Kings depos'd, wiſh they had never knowne
Delight, nor ſway; which erſt they toyl'd to owne.

Ieffereidos,
Or the Captivitie of *Jeffery.*

Canto the firſt.

A Sayle! a ſayle! cry'd they, who did conſent
Once more to break the eighth Commandement
For a few Coles; of which by theft ſo well
Th'are ſtor'd; they have enow to furniſh Hell
With penall heat; though each ſad Devill there
A frozen Muſcovite, or Ruſſian were:
The chaſe grew ſwift; whilſt an old weary Pinke,
Not us'd to fly, and ſomewhat loth to ſinke,
Did yeeld unto the Foe; who boards her ſtrait;
And having rifled all her precious Freight;
A trembling Britaine kneeles, and did beſeech
Each compoſition there, of Tarre and Pitch,

That

That they would heare him ſpeake: 'tis not (quoth he)
Our kinde reſpect to wealth, or libertie,
Begets this feare; but leſt blind Fortune may
Unto ſome fierce, unruly hand betray,
The trueſt Servant to a State, that cou'd
Be giv'n a Nation out of fleſh and bloud:
And hee tall *Ieff'ry* height! who not much us'd
To fights at Sea, and loth to be abus'd,
Reſolv'd to hide him, where they ſooner might
Diſcover him, with ſmelling than with ſight.

Each Eye was now imploy'd; no man could thinke
Of any uncouth Nooke, or narrow Chinke,
But ſtrait they ſought him there; in holes not deep
But ſmall, where ſlender Magots us'd to creep:
At laſt, they found him cloſe, beneath a ſpick
And almoſt ſpan-new-pewter-Candleſtick.
A ſapient *Diego*, that had now command
Of Ships and Victorie, tooke him in hand:
Peis'd him twiſe, taſted his diſcourſe; at length
Beleev'd, that he diſſembled wit, and ſtrength:
Quoth he, Victors, and Vanquiſhed! I bid
You all give eare, to wiſdome of Madrid!

This that appeares to you, a walking-Thumbe,
May prove, the gen'rall Spie of Chriſtendome:
Then calls for Chaines, but ſuch as fitting ſeeme,
For Elephants, when manag'd in a Teeme.
Whilſt puiſſant *Ieffr'y* 'gins to wiſh (in vaine)
He had long ſince contriv'd a truce with Spaine.
His Sinewes faile him now; nor doth hee yeeld
Much truſt unto his Buckler, or his Shield;
Yet threatens like a ſecond Tamberlaine,
To bring them 'fore the Queenes Lord-Chamberlaine;
Becauſe without the leave, of him, or her,
They keepe her Houſhold-Servant priſoner.
Diego, that ſtudy'd wrath, more than remorſe,
Commands, that they to Dunkerk ſteere their courſe:
Whilſt Captive-*Ieffr'y* ſhewes to wiſer ſight,
Juſt like a melancholy Iſralite,
In midſt of 's journey unto Babylon;
Melt marble hearts, that chance to thinke thereon!
The Winds are guilty too; for now behold
Already landed this our Brittaine bold!
The People view him round; ſome take their oath
He's humane Iſſue, but not yet of growth:

And others (that more ſub'tly did conferre)
Thinke him a ſmall, contracted Conjurer:
Then *Diego*, *Bredro* names! *Hemskerk*! and cryes,
Hans van Geulick! *Derick* too! place your Thighs
On this judiciall Bench; that wee may ſit
T'undoe, this ſhort-Embaſſadour with wit.
One, faine would know's diſcent: Thou Pirat-Dogge
(The wrathfull Captive then reply'd) not *Ogge*
(The Baſhan King) was my Progenitor;
Nor doe I ſtrive, to fetch my Anceſtor
From *Anack's* Sonnes, nor from the Genitals
Of wraſtling-*cacus*, who gave many falls.
No matter for his birth, ſayd *Diego* then;
Bring hither ſtrait the Rack! for it is Ten
To one, this will enforce from out his Pate,
Some ſecrets, that concerne the Engliſh State.
But O! true, loyall Heart! he'ld not one word
Reveale, that he had heard at Councell-bord.
Some ask'd him then, his bus'neſſe late in France;
What Inſtruments lay there conceal'd t'advance
The Britiſh cauſe? when they perceiv'd his heart;
Was bigge, and whilſt enforc'd, would nought impart;

Diego aroſe; and ſaid, Sir, I beſeech you,
Acquaint us if the Cardinall *de Richelieu*
Intend a warre, in Italy, or no?
(Moſt noble *Ieff'ry* ſtill!) hee ſeemes to know
Nought of that point; though divers think, when there;
The Cardinall did whiſper in his eare
The Scheame of all his plots; and ſought to gaine
His company along with him to Spaine;
For thither he'll march, if he can byth' way
Sweep a few durty Nations intoth' Sea.
A ſolemne Monke, that ſilent ſtood cloſe by,
Beleev'd this little Captive, a Church-Spie!
Quoth he, that ſhrivled face, hath Schyſme in it;
And lately there's a learned volumne writ,
Wherein *Ben-Iharky*, and *Ben-Ezra* too,
And *Rabin Kimky* eke, a learned Jew,
Are cited all; it labours to make good,
That there were Proteſtants before the Flood;
And thou its Author art: *Ieff'ry* ſwore then,
He never knew thoſe Hebrew Gentlemen!
When they perceiv'd, nor threats, nor kindneſſe ſought
From love, could get him to diſcover ought;

Diego leaves the Table; ſweares by his Skarffe;
The thing, they doubted thus, was a meere Dwarffe.
The fleeteſt Izeland-Shock, they then provide;
On which they mount him ſtrait, and bid him ride:
He weepes a teare or two, for's Jewells loſt;
And ſo, with heavy heart, to *Bruxels* poſt.

Ieffereibs,

Ieffereidos,
Or the Captivitie of *Jeffery*.

Canto the ſecond.

SO runs the nimble Snayle, in ſlimy track,
Haſt'ning with all his Tenement on's back;
And ſo, on goodly Cabidge-leafe, the fleet
Swift-Caterpiller moves with eager feet,
As this ſad Courtier now; whoſe mighty Steed
May for an eaſie amble, or for ſpeed,
Compare with gentle Bull in Yoke: But O!
Here now begins a Canticle of woe!

Chide

Chide cruell Fate, whoſe buiſneſſe in the Spheares,
Wiſe *Ieff'ry* notes, is but to cauſe our Teares:
Their rule, and pow'r (quoth he) is underſtood,
More in the harme they doe us, than the good:
And this hee ſay'd, becauſe he ſcarce had driven
Along that Coaſt, the length of Inches Seven,
But downe his *Izeland* fell; ſome Authors ſay
A burly Oake, lay there diſguis'd in's way;
Others a Ruſh; and ſome report, his Steed
Did ſtumble, at the ſplinter of a Reed;
And ſome (far more authentick) ſay agin,
'Twas at a haire, that drop'd from humane Chin:
But though, the ſage Hiſtorians are at ſtrife,
How to reſolve this point; his Courſers life
They hold loſt in the fall; whilſt the diſcreet
Ieff'ry was forc'd, to wander on his Feet.
Old wives, that ſaw the ſorrowes of this Spy,
Their wither'd Lips (thinner than Lids of Eye)
Strait opened wide; and tickled with his wrongs,
Did laugh, as if t'were lech'ry to their Lungs;
And *Diego* too, whoſe grave, and ſolemne Brow,
Was ever knit, grew loud, and wanton now:

O for a Guard (quothhe) of *Switzers* here,
To heave that Giant up! but come not neere;
For now enrag'd, he may perchance so tosse us,
As you would thinke, you touch'd a live Colossus!
This *Ieff'ry* heard; and it did stir his gall,
More than his Coursers death, or his owne fall.
Sorrowes, that hasten to us, are but slow
In their departure; as the learn'd may know
By this sad Story; since new cause was given;
For which our deepe *Platonick* questions Heaven.
O cruell Starres (quoth he) will you still so
Officious be, to trouble us below?
'Tis say'd your care doth governe us; d'ye call
That care, to let Ambassadours thus fall?
Nay, and permit worse dangers to ensue?
Though all your rule, and influence be true;
I had as leefe (since mortals thus you handle)
Be govern'd by the influence of a Candle.
This he had cause to say; for now behold
A Foule of spatious wing, bloody, and bold
In his aspect; haughty in gate, and stiffe on
His large spread Clawes he stood, as any Griffon;

Though

Though, by kinde, a Turkey; whoſe plot that way
Was like a ſubtle Scowt to watch for prey;
Such as is blowne about by ev'ry wind;
But here's the dire miſtake; this Foule (halfe blinde)
At *Ieff'ry* pecks, and with intent to eat
Him up, in ſtead of a large graine of Wheat:
Ieff'ry (in duell nice) ne're thinks upon't,
As the Turkeys hunger, but an affront.
His ſword he drew; a better none alive
E're got from Spaniſh Foe, for Shillings Five.
And now, the Battaile doth begin: ſound high
Your Oaten Reeds, t'encourage Victorie!
Strike up the wrathfull Tabor! and the Gitthern;
The loud Jew's-trump! and Spirit-ſtirring-Citthern!
Ieff'ry the bold, as if he had o'reheard
Theſe Inſtruments of Warre, his Arme uprear'd,
Then cryes S^t. *George* for England! and with that word
He miſchief'd (what I pray?) nought but his ſword:
Though ſome report, he noch'd the Foes left wing;
And Poets too, who faithfully did ſing
This Battaile in Low-Dutch, tell of a few
Small Feathers there, which at the firſt charge flew

About

About the field ; but doe not ſtrictly know
That they were ſhed by fury of that blow.
This they affirme ; the Turkey in his looke
Expreſs'd how much, he it unkindly tooke,
That wanting food ; our *Ieff'ry* would not let him,
Enjoy awhile the privilege to eat him :
His Taile he ſpreads, jets back ; then turnes agen ;
And fought, as if, for th'honour of his Hen :
Ieff'ry retorts each ſtroke ; and then cryes ; Mauger
Thy ſtrength, I will diſſect thee like an Augure !
But who of mortall race, deſerves to write
The next encounter in this bloudy fight ?
Wiſely didſt thou (O Poet of *Anchuſin* ;)
Stay here thy Pen, and lure thy eager Muſe in ;
Envoking Mars, ſome halfe an houre at leaſt,
To helpe thy fury onward with the reſt :
For *Ieff'ry* ſtrait was throwne ; whilſt faint, and weake,
The cruell Foe, aſſaults him with his Beake.
A Lady-Midwife now, he there by chance
Eſpy'd, that came along with him from France :
A heart nours'd up in War ; that ne're before
This time (quoth he) could bow, now doth implore :

Thou

Thou that deliver'd haſt ſo many, be
So kinde of nature, to deliver me!
But ſtay: for though the learn'd Chronologer
Of Dunkerk, doth confeſſe him freed by her;
The ſubt'ler Poets yet, whom wee tranſlate
In all this Epick Ode, doe not relate
The manner how; and wee are loth at all
To vary from the Dutch Originall.
Deeds they report, of greater height than theſe;
Wonders, and truth; which if the Court-wits pleaſe,
A little helpe from Nature, leſſe from Art,
May happily produce in a Third part.

To

For the Lady, *Olivia* Porter.

A preſent, upon a New-yeares day.

GOe ! hunt the whiter Ermine ! and preſent
His wealthy skin, as this dayes Tribute ſent
To my *Endimion's* Love ; Though ſhe be farre
More gently ſmooth, more ſoft than Ermines are !
Goe ! climbe that Rock ! and when thou there haſt (found
A Starre, contracted in a Diamond,
Give it *Endimion's* Love ; whoſe laſting Eyes,
Out-looke the Starry Jewells of the Skies !
Goe ! dive into the Southern Sea ! and when
Th'aſt found (to trouble the nice ſight of Men)
A ſwelling Pearle ; and ſuch whoſe ſingle worth,
Boaſts all the wonders which the Seas bring forth ;

Give

Give it *Endimion*'s Love! whose ev'ry Teare,
Would more enrich the skillfull Jeweller.
How I command? how slowly they obey?
The churlish *Tartar*, will not hunt to day:
Nor will that lazy, sallow-*Indian* strive
To climbe the Rock, nor that dull *Negro* dive.
Thus Poets like to Kings, (by trust deceiv'd)
Give oftner what is heard off, than receiv'd.

To *I. C.*
Rob'd by his Man
ANDREW.

SIr, whom I now love more, than did the good
Saint *Martin*, that all-naked-Fleſh-and-blood,
Whoſe Cloake (at Plimmouth ſpun) was Crab-Tree (wood.

His owne was Tammie ſure; which made it teare
So ſoone into a gift; and thou (I feare)
Wilt beg halfe mine, not to beſtow, but weare.

For thy Saint-*Andrew* ſought not out the way
To keepe thee warme, but make thee watch, and pray;
That is, for his returne; about, Doomes-day;

Worſe

Worſe left, than bluſhing *Adam*, who withdrew
The nakedneſſe he fear'd, more than he knew,
Not to a Mercers, but where Fig-leaves grew:

Which ſew'd with ſtrings of ſlender Weeds, cloath Men
Cheaper than Silks, that muſt be paid for, when
It pleaſes the chiefe Scribe, 'oth Chamberlen.

Though my ſick Joints, cannot accompany
Thy Hue-on-cry; though Midnight parlies be
Silenc'd long ſince, 'tween Conſtables, and me;

Without their helpes, or Suburb-Juſtices,
(Upon whoſe juſtice now an impoſt lies,
For with the price of Beefe, their Warrants riſe)

I'le finde this *Andrew* ſtrait. See, where the pale
Wretch ſtands: Thy guiltleſſe Robes (ne're hang'd for (ſale;)
He executes, on Sundry Brokers Nayle.

In ſtead of him (chas'd thence by his wiſe feare)
Does the Mothers joy, a bold Youth appeare;
Who ſwaggers up to Forty Markes a yeare!

Somtimes

Sometimes he troubles Law, at th'Inns of Court;
Now comes, to buy him Weeds of ſhining ſort;
And faine would have thy Cloake, but'tis too ſhort:

Too ſhort (neat Sir) was all thy rifled ſtore;
Which made thoſe Brokers curſe thy ſtature more,
Than thou, Fiend-*Andrew*, the ſad day before.

But hark! who knocks? good troth my Muſe is ſtaid,
By an Apothecaries Bill unpaid;
Whoſe length, not ſtrange-nam'd-Drugs, makes her afraid.

TO

To the Earle of Portland, Lord Treasurer; on the mariage of his Sonne.

MY Lord, this Night is yours! each wandring (Starre
That was nnbusi'd, and irregular;
Most gravely now, his bright Companion leads,
To fix o're your glad Roofe, their shining Heads.
And it is sayd, th'exemplar King's your guest;
And that the rich-Ey'd-Darling of his Breast,
(To ripen all your Joyes) will there become
The Musick, Odor, Light, of ev'ry Roome!
A mixture of two noble bloods, in all
Faith, and domestick nature, union call,
No travail'd Eyes have seene, with humbler state
Of love perform'd, where Princes celebrate.
This when I heard; I know not what bold Starre
My Spirits urg'd, but it was easier farre

The

The torne, the injur'd *Panther*, to reſtraine
In's hot purſuit, or ſtroke him coole againe;
To tell the cauſe, why Winds do disagree,
Divide them when in Stormes they mingled be;
Strait fix them ſingle, where they breath'd before;
Or fanne them with a Plume, from Sea to Shore;
Than bind my raging Temples, or reſiſt
The pow'r that ſwell'd me, as *Apollo's* Prieſt.
Therefore my Robe, that on his Altar lay,
My Virge, my Wreath, I tooke; and thus did pray:
That you (my Lord) with laſting memory,
And ſtrength of fervent youth, may live to ſee,
Your name in this bleſt nuptiall ſtore the Earth,
With ſuch a maſculine, and knowing birth;
As ſhall at factious Councells moderate,
And force injurious Armies to their fate.
Let Time be fetter'd, that they never may
Increaſing others, feele themſelves decay.
To you (my Lord) who with wiſe induſtrie,
Seeke Virtue out, then give it ſtrength to be;
Where ere you ſhall recide, let Plenty bring,
The pride, and expectations of the Spring;

The wealth that loads inticing Autumne grow
Within your reach; let hasty Rivers flow
'Till on your shores, they skaly Tribute pay,
Then ebbe themselves in empty Waves away:
Let each pale Flow'r, that springeth there, have pow'r
T'invite a Sunne-beame, and command a Show'r;
The dew that falls about you taste of Wine,
Each abject Weed change root, and be a Vine!
But I with this prophetick plenty grow
Already rich, and proud; 'cause then I know
The Poets of this Isle, in Vineyards may
Rejoyce, whilst others thirst in groves of Bay!
Sir, let me not your wary patience move;
And sinne, with too much courage of my love!
He that in strength of wishes, next shall trie,
T'increase your blessings with his Poesie,
May shew a fiercer Wit, and cleaner Art,
But not a more sincere, and eager Heart.

THE QVEENE, returning to London after a long abſence.

HOw had you walk'd in Miſts of Sea-coale-(ſmoake,
Such as your ever teeming Wives would choak,
(Falſe Sonnes of thrift!) did not her beauties light,
Diſpell your Clouds, and quicken your dull ſight?
As when, th'illuſtrious Officer of Day,
(Firſt worſhip'd in the Eaſt) 'gins to diſplay
The glory of his beames; then Buds unfold
Their chary Leafes; each dew-drownd Marigold
Inſenſibly doth ſtirre it ſelfe, and ſpread;
Each Violet lifts up, the penſive Head;
So when the Rayes of her faire Eyes appeare,
To warme, and gild your clouded Hemiſpheare;

Thoſ

Those Flow'rs which in your narrow Gardens grow,
(Narrow as Turfs, which you a Lark allow
In's wicker Cage) rejoyce upon their stalks;
Imbellishing your sommer inch-broad walks:
But she remov'd, what all your weary'd lives,
You plant in German pots, to please your Wives,
Shall fade; scarce in your Climate shall be seene
Enough of Spring to make your Tansies green.
Nor shall your blew-Ey'd-Daughters more appeare
(Though in the hopefull'st season of the Yeare)
In the dark street, where *Tantlin's* Temple stands,
With Time, and Marg'rom Posies in their hands.
Wee know (distruftfull Bergainers!) you most
Love sacrifice, that puts you least to cost;
Give her your prayers then; that her Lookes may
After long Nights, restore you unto Day.
Though Ringing be some charge, and Wood grow
In troth; it will become you once a yeare, (deere;
To offer Bells, and Bonfires too, allthough
You cozen't out in Silks, next publique Show.

To *I. W.* Vpon the death of his Miſtreſſe.

AS the great Sonnes of War, that are rays'd high
With eager heats, of frequent Victorie,
Grow to ſuch lazy pride; they take it ill
Men ſtill ſhould put them to the paines to kill;
And would, at each ſterne becken of the Eye,
Have the ſad Foe, vaile Plumes, take leave, and dye:
So thou; as if thy Sorrowes had o'recome
Halfe the wiſe world, and ſtruck all reaſon dumbe;
Cry'ſt, ſhe is dead! and frown'ſt, becauſe I now
Take not my Wreath (the treaſure of my Brow)
Then hurle my ſelfe, and it, a Sacrifice
In hallow'd flames, to her departed Eyes.

Cauſe

'Cauſe early Men, their Curtaines draw, and ſay
Behold the Sunne is riſen, now'tis day;
Knowing thy Sunne is ſet, thou ſwearſt their ſight,
Is led by bus'neſſe t'a miſt-take of Light.
Lovers beleeve, if yet th'Almighty cou'd
Doubt part of his ſo ſwift creation good;
To eaſe him of another *Fiat*, they
Can with their Miſtreſſe beames, make him a day:
To rule the Night, each Glance (they thinke) will fit
Planets to largeſt Spheares, if wee admit
Their ſilly Prieſts (the Poets) be but by,
That love to ſooth ſuch faith t'idolatrie.
But how have I tranſgreſs'd, thus to declame
'Gainſt ſorrow I ſhould envy more than blame?
For what is he, though reverendly old,
And than a Mountaine *Muſcovite* more cold;
Though he want Wit, or nature to deſire;
Though his hard heart be Ir'ne, his heart-ſtrings (Wire:
Or what is he, though blind, and knowes no good
Of love, but by an itching faith in's blood,
That when thy Tongue her beauty open layes
To mentall view, and her ſoft minde diſplayes,

Will thinke thy griefe was over-pay'd, or yet
Bate the world one Sigh, of ſo juſt a debt?
But ſhe is gone! Repine now, if you dare;
Like Heav'ns unlicenc'd Fooles, all puniſh'd are
For Nature as for crimes; yet cannot chooſe
But mourne for ev'ry excellence wee looſe;
Though ſtill commanded to a tame content;
To thinke no good was given us, but lent:
And a fond ridle in Philoſophy,
Perſwades us too; the Virtuous never dye;
That all the ills, which wee in abſence finde
Concerne the Eye-ſight only, not the Minde:
But Lovers (whoſe wiſe Sences take delight
In warme contaction, and in reall ſight)
Are not with leane imagination fed,
Or ſatisfi'd, with thinking on the Dead.
'Tis fit wee ſeeke her then; but he that finds
Her out, muſt enter friendſhip with the Winds;
Enquire their dwelling, and uncertaine walks;
Whither they blow, from their forſaken Stalks
Flow'rs that are gone, ere they are ſmelt? or how
Diſpoſe o'th ſweeter Bloſſoms of the Bough?

For She (the Treſureſſe of theſe) is fled,
Not having the dull leaſure to be dead;
But t'hoord this Wealth; returne, and this Wealth (bring
Still vary'd, and encreas'd in ev'ry Spring.

For

To *Endimion* Porter.

IT is (Lord of my Muſe and heart) ſince laſt
Thy ſight inſpir'd me, many ages paſt
In darkneſſe thick as ill-met Clouds can make,
In ſleeps wherein the laſt Trump ſcarce could wake
The guiltleſſe dead, I lay; and hidden more
Than Truth, which teſty Controverts explore.
More hid than paths of Snakes, to their deep beds,
Or walkes of Mountaine-Springs from their firſt (Heads:
And when my long forgotten Eies, and Mind,
Awak'd; I thought to ſee the Sunne declin'd
Through age, to th'influence of a Starre, and Men
So ſmall, that they might live in Wombes agen.
But now, my ſtrength's ſo giantly, that were
The great Hill-lifters once more toyling here;
They'ld chooſe me out, for active Back, for Bone,
To heave at *Pelion* firſt, and heave alone.

Now

Now by the ſoftneſſe of thy noble care,
Reaſon, and Light, my lov'd Companions are;
I may too, ere this Moone be loſt, refine
My bloud, and bathe my Temples with thy Wine:
And then, know my *Endimion* (thou, whoſe name
To'th World example is, Muſick to Fame)
I'le trie if Art, and Nature, able be
From the whole ſtrength, and ſtock of Poeſie,
To pay thee my large debts; ſuch as the poore
In open Bluſhes, hidden Hearts reſtore.

Epitaph, on *I.* Walker.

ENvy'd, and lov'd, here lies the Prince of mirth!
Who laugh'd, at the grave bus'neſſe of the Earth.
Look'd on ambitious States-men with ſuch Eyes,
As might diſcerne them guilty, could not wiſe.
That did the noyſe of Warr, and Battailes heare,
As mov'd to ſmiling pitty, not to feare:
Thought fighting Princes at their dying ſad;
Beleev'd, both Victors, and the Conquer'd mad:
Might have beene rich, as oft as he would pleaſe,
But wayes to Wealth, are not the wayes to Eaſe.
The wit, and courage of his talke, now reſts,
In their impatient keeping that ſteale Jeaſts;
His Jeaſts, who e're ſhall Father, and repeat
Small mem'ry needs, but let's eſtate be great,

Dange

Danger ſo ſeaſon'd them, each hath Salt left,
Will yet undoe the Poore for one ſmall theft;
The Rich, that will owne them, what e're they pay,
Shall finde, 'tis twice a weeke Star-Chamber day.

To Doctor *Cademan*,
Phyſitian to the Queene.

For thy Victorious cares, thy ready heart;
Thy ſo ſmall tyranny to ſo much Art;
For viſits made to my diſeaſe
And me, (Alas) not to my Fees:
For words, ſo often comforting with ſcope
Learned reaſon, not perſwaſive hope:
For Med'cines ſo benigne, as ſeeme
Cordials for Eaſterne Queenes that teeme.
For ſetting now my condemn'd Body free,
From that no God, but Devill *Mercurie*:
For an aſſurance, I ne're ſhall
A forfeit be to'th Admirall;

Like

Like thoſe in Hoſpitals, who dare preſume
To make French Cordage now of Engliſh Rhume;
Or ſlender Ropes, on which, in ſtead
Of Pearle, revolted Teeth they thred;
For limitting my Cheekes, that elſe had beene
Swolne like the ſigne, o'th Head o'th *Saracen*;
For preſervation from a long
Concealement of my Mother-Tongue;
Whilſt ſpeechleſſe, ſow'd in Hoods, I ſhould appeare,
An Antarminian, ſilenc'd Miniſter;
Or ſome Turks poyſon'd Mute; ſo fret
So fome at mouth, make ſignes, and ſpet.
Whilſt all I eat, goes downe, with lookes to fight
More forc'd, than Quailes t'each full-cramm'd *Iſralite*;
Whoſe angry ſwallowing denotes
They lay at Flux, and had ſore throats.
For theſe deliverances, and all the good
My new returne of Senſes, ſtrength, and blood,
Shall bring; for all I mine can boaſt,
Whilſt my *Endimion* is not loſt,
y'th feeble influence of my Starre; or turnes
rom me, to one whoſe Planet cleerer burnes;

May (thou safe Lord of Arts) each Spring
Ripe plenty of Diseases bring
Unto the Rich; they still t'our Surgeons be
Experiments, Patients alone to thee:
Health, to the Poore; lest pitty shou'd
(That gently stirs, and rules thy blood)
Tempt thee from wealth, to such as pay like mee
A Verse; then thinke, they give Eternity.

To

To *Endimion* Porter,

When my Comedy (call'd the Wits) was presented at Black-Fryars.

HEare, how for want of others griefe, I mourne
My sad decay, and weepe at mine owne Urne!
The Hou'rs (that ne're want Wings, when they should
To hasten Death, or lead on Destinie,) (fly
Have now fulfill'd the time, when I must come
Chain'd to the Muses Barre, to take my doome:
Where ev'ry Terme, some tim'rous Poet stands,
Condemn'd by whispers, e're repriv'd by hands.
I that am told conspiracies are laid,
To have my Muse, her Arts, and life betray'd,
Hope for no easie Judge; though thou wert there,
T'appease, and make their judgements lesse severe.

In

In this black day, like Men from Thunders rage,
Or drowning ſhowres, I haſten from the ſtage;
And wiſh my ſelfe, ſome Spirit, hid within
Thoſe diſtant, wandring Winds, that yet have bin
Unknowne to'th Compaſſe, or the Pilots skill;
Or ſome looſe Plumet, ſunke ſo low, untill
I touch where roots of Rocks deepe bury'd be;
There mourne, beneath the leafeleſſe Corall Tree.
But I am growne too tame! what need I feare,
Whilſt not to paſſion, but thy reaſon cleere?
Should I perceive, thy knowledge were ſubdu'd,
T'unkinde conſent with the harſh Multitude,
Then I had cauſe to weep; and at thy Gate
(Deny'd to enter) ſtand diſconſolate;
Amaz'd, and loſt to mine owne Eyes; there I
(Scarce griev'd-for by my ſelfe) would winke and dye:
Olivia then, may on thy pitty call
To bury me, and give mee funerall.

In

In celebration of the yearely Preſerver of the Games at COTSWALD.

HEare me you Men of ſtrife! you that have bin,
Long time maintain'd by the dull Peoples ſin,
At *Lyon's*, *Furnifold's*, and *Clement's* Inne!

With huge, o're-comming Mutton, Target-Cheeſe,
Beefe, that the queaſie ſtomack'd Guard would pleaſe,
And limber Groats, full halfe a Score for Fees.

Heare you Gown'd Lackeys that on both ſides plead!
Whoſe hollow Teeth, are ſtuff'd with others Bread;
Whoſe Tongues will live (ſure) when your ſelves are (dead.

Heare

Here you *Alcaldes*, whose sterne faces looke,
Worse than your Pris'ner's that's deny'd his Booke;
Than *Pilat* painted like a scalded Cooke.

Lift all that toyle for pow'r to doe Men wrong,
With pensive Eare, to my prophetick Song!
Whose Magick sayes, your Triumphs hold not long.

The time is come, you on your selves shall sit;
Whilst Children finde (if they endevour it)
Your learning, Chronicle; Clinches, your Wit.

Ere you a Yeare are dead, your Sonnes shall watch,
And rore all Night with Ale, in house of Thatch;
And spend, 'till Swords are worne in Belts of Match.

Whilst *Dover* (that his knowledge not imploy's
T'increase his Neighbors Quarrels, but their Joyes;)
Shall in his age; get Money, Girles, and Boyes!

Mony, at *Cotswold* Games shall yearely fly;
Whilst the Precise, and Envious shall stand by,
And see his Min'rall Fountaine never dry.

His Girles, shall dowr'-lesse wed with Heires of birth;
His Boyes, plough London Widowes up like earth:
Whilst Cotswald Bards caroll their Nuptiall Mirth!

Power (the Gentry's Darling) know this flame,
Is but a willing tribute to thy Fame,
Sung by a Poet, that conceals his name.

TO

On the Death of the Lady Marqueſſe of WINCHESTER.

IN care, leſt ſome advent'rous Lover may
(I'increaſe his love) caſt his owne Stock away;
I (that finde, th'uſe of griefe is to grow wiſe)
Forbid all traffique now 'tweene Hearts, and Eyes:
Our remnant-love, let us diſcreetly ſave,
Since not augment; for Love, lies in the Grave.
Leſt Men; whoſe patience is their ſenſes ſloth,
That only live, t'expect the tedious growth
Of what the following Sommer ſlowly yeelds;
Whoſe faire *Elizium*, is their furrow'd Fields;
Leſt theſe, ſhould ſo much prize mortalitie;
They ne're would reach the wit, or faith to die;
Know, Summer comes no more; to the dark bed
Our Sunne is gone; the hopefull Spring is dead.

And

nd leſt kind Poets, that delight to raiſe
With their juſt truths, not extaſie of praiſe)
eauty to Fame; ſhould raſhly overthrow
he credit of their Songs; I let them know
heir Theame is loſt; ſo loſt, that I have griev'd,
hey never more can praiſe, and be beleev'd.

TO

To *Endimion* Porter, upo
his recovery from a long Sickneſſe.

Iuſt ſo the Sunne doth riſe, as if laſt Night
He cal'd t'accompt the Moone, for all the light
She ever ow'd; now looks ſo full of ſcorne,
And pride; as ſhe had payd him all this Morne!
So cleere a day, timely foretells; I now
Shall ſcape thoſe Clouds, that hung upon my Brow
Whilſt I thy ſickneſſe mourn'd; and leſſe did ſleep
Than faithfull Widowes, that ſincerely weep.
A true preſage! My hopes no ſooner tell
What they deſir'd, but ſtrait I finde thee well.
Bleſs'd be the Stars; whoſe pow'rfull influence
Our healths, by Minerals, and Hearbs diſpence!
And that's their chiefeſt uſe: who thinks that Fate
So many Stars did purpoſely create,

And them ſo large, meerely for ſhow, and light;
Concludes, it tooke leſſe care, of Day, than Night.
Since thou art ſafe, thoſe Numbers will be loſt,
Which I laid up, to mourne thee as a Ghoſt:
Unleſſe I ſpend them on ſome Tragick Tale,
Which Lovers ſhall beleeve, and then bewaile:
Next Terme, prepare thee for the Theater!
And untill then, reſerve thy skilfull Eare;
For I will ſing imagin'd Tragedie,
'Till Fates repent their eſſence is ſo high
From paſſion rays'd; 'cauſe they can ne're obtaine
To taſte the griefs, which gentle Poets feigne.

To

Vpon the nuptials of *Charles*, Lord *Herbert*, and the Lady *M. Villers*.

ROſes 'till ripe, and ready to be blowne,
Their beauty hide, whilſt it is yet their owne;
'Tis ours but in expectance, whilſt th'are greene;
And baſhfully they bluſh when firſt 'tis ſeene:
As if to ſpread their beauty were a crime;
A fault in them, not in all-ripening-Time.
So ſtands (hidden with Vayles) in all her pride
Of early flouriſhing, the baſhfull Bride!
And 'till the Prieſt, with words devoutly ſaid,
Shall ripen her a Wife, that's yet a Maid,
Her Vaile will never off: ſo modeſt ſtill,
And ſo expreſs'd by Nature, not by skill,

That ſure ſhe dreſs'd her lookes when ſhe did riſe,
Not in her Glaſſe, but in her Mother's Eyes.
The jolly Bridegrome ſtands, as he had t'ane
And led, Love ſtrongly fetter'd in a Chaine:
Forgetting when her Vailes are lay'd aſide,
Himſelfe, is but a Captive to the Bride.
The Prieſt now joynes their hands, and hee doth finde
(By myſterie divine,) in both one minde,
Mix'd, and diſpers'd; his ſpirits ſtrait begin
(As they were rap't) to vex, and talke within:
His Temples ſwett, whilſt he ſtood ſilent by,
Not as prepar'd to bleſſe, but propheſie:
What needed more? ſince they muſt needs poſſeſſe,
All he foſe-told, though he ſhould never bleſſe:
And bleſſing unto ſuch, at moſt reſtores,
Or but repeats, what was their Anceſtors.

Prologue to a reviv'd Play of Mr *Fletcher's*, call'd *The Woman-hater.*

LAdies! take't as a ſecret in your Eare,
In ſtead of homage, and kind welcome here,
I heartily could wiſh, you all were gone;
For if you ſtay, good faith, wee are undone.
Alas! you now expect, the uſuall wayes
Of our addreſſe, which is, your Sexes praiſe:
But wee to night, unluckily muſt ſpeake,
Such things, will make your Lovers Heart-ſtrings (breake;
Bely your Virtues, and your beauties ſtaine,
With words, contriv'd long ſince, in your diſdaine.
'Tis ſtrange you ſtirre not yet; not all this while
Lift up your Fannes, to hide a ſcornefull ſmile:
Whiſper, nor jog your Lords to ſteale away;
So leave us t'act, unto our ſelves, our Play:

Then

Then ſure, there may be hope, you can ſubdue,
Your patience to endure, an Act, or two:
Nay more, when you are told, our Poets rage
Purſues but one example, which that age
Wherein he liv'd produc'd; and wee rely
Not on the truth, but the varietie.
His Muſe beleev'd not, what ſhe then did write;
Her Wings, were wont to make a nobler flight;
Soar'd high, and to the Stars, your Sex did raiſe;
For which, full Twenty yeares, he wore the Bayes.
'Twas hee reduc'd *Evadne* from her ſcorne,
And taught the ſad *Aſpaſia* how to mourne;
Gave *Arethuſa's* love, a glad releefe;
And made *Panthea* elegant in griefe.
If theſe great Trophies of his noble Muſe,
Cannot one humor 'gainſt your Sex excuſe
Which wee preſent to night; you'l finde away
How to make good, the Libell in our Play:
So you are cruell to your ſelves; whilſt he
(Safe in the fame of his integritie)
Will be a Prophet, not a Poet thought;
And this fine Web laſt long, though looſely wrought.

To *Endimion* Porter, passing to Court to him, by water.

Ode.

(1)

THe truth and wisdome of your Compasse boast
(Dull Men of th'Sea!) when you the flow'rie (Coast
Have reach'd, to which you steere;
Thinke then, those Clouds are shrunke againe,
That swell'd, as if they hoorded Rayne
For all the Yçare.
Thinke then, those ruder Winds are dumbe,
That would endevour Stormes to come;
And that the Rocks no more
(As they were wont) shall hide themselves,
To practise mischiefe on the Shelves
So neere the shore.

Into

(2)

Into the Silver Flood I launch'd ; and fraught
My Bark with Hope, the Parasite of thought :
To Court my voyage tends ;
But Hope grew sick, and wish'd me feare,
The Bark would split, that harbour'd there
To trade for Friends.
Wise Love, that sought a noble choyce,
To tune my Harp, and raise my Voyce,
Forbids my Pinnace rest ;
'Till I had cur'd weake Hope agin,
By safely Anchoring within
Endimion's Brest.

(3)

Endimion ! who, with Numbers sweet can move
Soules (though untun'd) to such degrees of love ;
That Men shall sooner see,
Th'inticed Needle disobey
The tempting Adamant, than they
His Poesie :

And I (exalted now,) ne're minde
Their breath, who ſtorm'd, t'increaſe the Winde
By which th'are overthrowne;
Their Stock of rage, and Lyrick skill,
They boaſt in vaine; the Poets Hill
Is all mine owne.

Elegie

Elegie on *B. Haſelrick*, ſlaine in's youth, in a Duell.

NOw in the blinde, and quiet age of Night,
So dark, as if the funerall of Light
Were celebrated here; whither with ſlow,
Unwilling feet, ſad Virgins doe you goe?
Where have you left your reaſon, and your feare?
What meane thoſe Violets that downe-ward weare
Their heads, as griev'd, ſince thus imploy'd they grew?
Lilies, ſcar'd by your lookes, to their pale hew?
Roſes, that loſt their bluſhes on the Bough,
And Laurell ſtolne from ſome dead Poets Brow?
Theſe, and your looſer Haire, ſhew that you come
To ſcatter both, on that relenting Tombe.
But ſtay! by this moyſt pavement it appeares,
Some Ladies have beene earli'r here with Teares
Than I, or you; and wee can gueſſe no more,
Thoſe that ſucceed, by theſe that dr op'd before;

Than by the Dew, falne in a Cowſlips wombe,
Heav'n's Treaſurie of Showrs that are to come.
The Curtain's drawne! looke there, and you ſhall ſpie
The faded God of your Idolatrie!
Cold as the feet of Rocks, ſilent in ſhade.
As Chaos lay, before the Winds were made.
Yet this was once the Flow'r, on whom the Day
So ſmil'd, as if he never ſhould decay:
Soft, as the hands of Love, ſmooth as her brow;
So young in ſhew, as if he ſtill ſhould grow;
Yet perfected with all the pride of ſtrength,
Equall in Limbs, and ſquare unto his length:
And though the jealous World hath underſtood,
Fates only Seal'd, the firſt creation good;
This moderne worke (ſterne Fates!) roſe up to prove
Your ancient skill retayn'd, but not your love:
Could you have lov'd, you had with carefull fight
Preſerv'd, what you did frame with ſuch delight.
O, let me ſumme his crimes, let me relate
Them ſtrictly as his Judge, not Advocate;
And yet the greateſt number you ſhall finde
Were errors of his youth, not of his minde:

For

For had his jealous courage bin so wise,
As to beleeve it selfe, not others Eyes;
Had he not thought his little patience tame
In suff'ring quiet Men, t'enjoy a Fame;
He might have liv'd to so great use, that I
Had writ his Acts, and not his Elegie.
Goe, gentlest of your Sex! should I relate
With bolder truth, th'unkindnesse of his Fate,
(Too strict, to flesh and blood) I might infuse
A Schisme in your Religion, and my Muse:
Yet this would be excus'd, since all wee gaine
By griefe, is but the licence to complaine.

TO THE QVEENE, upon a New-yeares day.

YOu of the Guard make way ! and you that keepe
The Preſence warme, and quiet whilſt you ſleep,
Permit me paſſe ! and then (if any where
Imploy'd) you Angels that are buſi'ſt here,
And are the ſtrongeſt Guard, although unſeene,
Conduct me neere the Chamber of the Queene !
Where with ſuch reverence as Hermits uſe
At richeſt Shrines, I may preſent my Muſe :
Awake ! ſalute, and ſatisfie thy ſight,
Not with the fainting Sun's, but thine owne Light !
Let this Day breake from thine owne Silken ſpheare,
This Day, the birth, and Infant of the yeare !
Nor is there need of Purple, or of Lawne
To veſt thee in, were but thy Curtaines drawne,

Men

Men might ſecurely ſay, that it is morne,
Thy Garments ſerve to hide, not to adorne!
Now ſhe appeares, whilſt ev'ry looke, and ſmile,
Diſpences warmth, and beauty through our Isle:
Whilſt from their wealthieſt Caskets, Princes pay
Her gifts, as the glad tribute of this Day!
This Day; which Time ſhall owe to her, not Fate;
Becauſe her early Eies, did it create.
But O! poore Poets! Where are you? why bring
You not your Goddeſſe now an Offering?
Who makes your Numbers Swift, when they mov'd (ſlow,
And when they ebb'd, her influence made them flow.
Alas! I know your wealth: The Laurell bough,
Wreath'd into Circles, to adorne the Brow,
Is all you have: But goe; theſe ſtrew, and ſpread,
In ſacrifice, where ever ſhee ſhall tread,
And ere this day grow old, know you ſhall ſee
Each Leafe become a Sprig, each Sprig a Tree.

Elegie,
On *Francis*, Earle of RUTLAND.

CAll not the Winds! nor bid the Rivers ſtay!
For though the ſighs, the teares they could repay;
Which injur'd Lovers, Mourners for the Dead,
Captives, and Saints, have breath'd away, and ſhed;
Yet wee ſhould want to make our ſorrow fit
For ſuch a cauſe, as now doth ſilence it.
Rutland! the noble, and the juſt! whoſe name
Already is, all Hiſtory, all Fame!
Whom like brave Anceſtors in Battaile loſt,
Wee mention not in pitty, but in boaſt!
How did'ſt thou ſmile, to ſee the ſolemne ſport,
Which vexes buſie greatneſſe in the Court?
T'obſerve their lawes of faction, place, and Time,
Their precepts how, and where, and when to climbe?
Their rules, to know if the ſage meaning lies,
In the deepe Breaſt, i'th ſhallow Brow, or Eyes?

Though

Though Titles, and thy blood, made thee appeare,
(Oft'gainſt thy eaſe)where theſe ſtate-Rabbins were:
Yet their philoſophie thou knew'ſt was fit,
For thee to pitty, more than ſtudy it.
Safely thou valu'dſt Cunning, as 'thad bin,
Wiſdome, long ſince, diſtemper'd into Sin:
And knew'ſt, the actions of th'Ambitious are
But as the falſe Al'armes in running warre,
Like forlorne Scowts (that raiſe the coyle) they keepe
Themſelves awake, to hinder others ſleepe:
And all they gaine, by vex'd expence of breath;
Unquietneſſe, and guilt; is at their death,
Wonder, and mighty noyſe; whilſt things that be
Moſt deare, and pretious to Mortalitie
(Time, and thy Selfe)impatient here of ſtay,
With a grave ſilence, ſeeme to ſteale away;
Depart from us unheard, and wee ſtill mourne
In vaine (though piouſly) for their returne.
Thy Bounties if I name; I'le not admit,
Kings, when they love, or wooe, to equall it:
It ſhew'd like Nature's ſelfe, when ſhe doth bring
All ſhe can promiſe by an early Spring;

Or when ſhe payes that promiſe, where ſhe beſt
Makes Summers for Mankind; in the rich Eaſt.
And as the wiſe Sunne, ſilently imployes
His lib'rall Beames, and ripens without Noyſe;
As precious Dewes, doe undiſcover'd fall,
And growth, inſenſibly doth ſteale on all;
So what he gave, conceal'd, in private came,
(As in the dark) from one that had no name;
Like Fayries wealth, not given to reſtore,
Or if reveal'd, it viſited no more.

If theſe live, and be read (as who ſhall dare
Suſpect, Truth, and thy Fame, immortall are?)
What need thy noble Brother, or faire She,
That is thy ſelfe, in pureſt imagrie;
Whoſe breath, and Eyes, the fun'rall-ſpice, and flame,
Continue ſtill, of gentle *Buckingham*;
What need they ſend poore Pioners to grone,
In lower Quarries for Corinthian ſtone?
To dig in Parian Hills? ſince Statues muſt,
And Monuments, turne like our ſelves to duſt:
Verſe, to all ages can our deeds declare,
Tombs, but a while, ſhew where our Bodies are.

To

To *Endimion* Porter.

WOuld thou wert dead! ſo ſtrictly dead to me,
That nor my ſight, nor my vex'd memorie
Could reach thee more: ſo dead, that but to name
Thou wert, might give the ſawcie lie to Fame;
That the bold Sonnes of Honour, and the milde
Race of Lovers (both thy diſciples ſtil'd)
Might aske; who could the firſt example bee
To all their good? yet none ſhould mention thee,
Knocking at my Breſt, when this hou'r is come;
I hope, I once ſhall finde my heart at home.
Say, thou art dead; yet whiſper't but to me;
For ſhould thy ſo well-ſpent mortalitie,
End to the world, and that ſad end be knowne;
I might (perhaps) ſtill live, but live alone:
The better world would follow thee, and all
That I ſhould gaine, by that large Funerall,
Would be, the wanton vanitie to boaſt,
What they enjoy, was from my plenty loſt.

To

To the Counteſſe of *Carlile*, on the death of the Earle her Husband.

THis Cypreſſe folded here, in ſteed of Lawne,
Theſe Tapers winking, and theſe Curtaines (drawne;
What may they meane? unleſſe to qualifie
And check the luſture of your Eyes, you'll trie
To honour darkneſſe, and adorne the Night,
So ſtrive, thus with your Lord, to bury Light.
Call back, your abſent Beauties to your care,
Though clouded, and conceal'd, wee know you are
The Morning's early'ſt Beame, life of the Day,
The Ev'ns laſt comfort, and her parting Ray!
But why theſe Teares, that give him no reliefe,
For whom you waſte the virtue of your griefe?

Such

Such, as might be preſcrib'd the Earth, to drinke
For cure of her old Curſe; Teares, you would thinke
Too rich to water (if you knew their price)
The chiefeſt Plant deriv'd from Paradiſe.
But O! where is a Poets faith? how farre
We are miſs-led? how falſe we Lords of Numbers are?
Our Love, is paſſion, our Religion, rage!
Since, to ſecure that mighty heritage
Entail'd upon the Bay, ſee, how I ſtrive
To keepe the glory of your looks alive;
And to perſwade your gloomy Sorrows thence;
As ſubt'ly knowing, your kind influence
Is all the pretious Stock, left us t'inſpire,
And feed the flame, of our eternall fire.
But I recant: 'Tis fit you mourne a while,
And winke, untill you darken all this Isle;
More fit, the Bay ſhould wither too, and be
Quite loſt, than he depriv'd your obſequie:
He that was once your Lord; who ſtrove to get
That title, 'cauſe nought elſe, could make him great;
A ſtile, by which his name he did preferre
To have a day, i'th Poets Kalender.

His youth was gentle, and disposd to win,
Had so much courtship in't, 'twas his chiefe sin;
Yet sure, although his courtship knew the way
To conquer Beauty; it did ne're betray.
When wise with yeares, these soft affaires did cease:
He whisperd War abroad, then brought home Peace.
He was supreme Ambassador, and went
To be that Prince, whom Leigers but present;
And soone with easie ceremonies got,
What they did lose with care, and a deepe plot:
Cheerefull his age; not tedious or severe,
Like those, who being dull, would grave appeare;
Whose guilt, made them the soule of Mirth despise,
And being sullen, hope men thinke them wise:
Yet he that kept his Virtues from decay,
Had that about him needs must weare away:
The daily less'ning of our life, shewes by
A little dying, how out-right to die:
Observe the Morning, Noone, and Evening Sunne:
Then (Madam) you that saw his Hou'r-glasse runne,
In wiser faith, will not be more oppresst
To see the last sand fall, than all the rest.

Epilogue

Epilogue,
TO
LOVE and *HONOR*,
A Tragicomedy.

TRoth Gentlemen, you muſt vouchſafe awhile
T'excuſe my Mirth; I cannot chuſe but ſmile!
And'tis to thinke, how like a ſubtle Spie,
Our Poet waits, to heare his deſtinie:
Juſt i'th pav'd-Entry as you paſſe; the place
Where firſt you mention your diſlike, or grace.
Pray whiſper ſoftly, that he may not heare;
Or elſe, ſuch words, as ſhall not blaſt his Eare.

Epilogue, To a Vacation Play at the Globe.

The ſpeaker enter'd with a Sword drawne.

FOr your owne ſakes (Poore Soules!) you had not (beſt
Beleeve, my fury was ſo much ſuppreſt
I'th'heat of the laſt Scene, as now you may
Boldly, and ſafely too, cry downe our Play!
For if you dare, but Murmure one falſe Note,
Here in the Houſe, or going to take Bote;
By Heav'n, I'le mowe you off, with my long Sword;
Yeo'man, and Squire, Knight, Lady, and her Lord!
With reaſon too; for ſince my whole part lies
I'th' Play, to Kill the King's chiefe Enemies;
How can you ſcape? (be your owne Judges) when
You lay ſad plots, to begger the Kings-Men.

To

TO THE QVEENE, upon a New-yeares day.

THis day, old Time, doth turne his Annuall Glaſſe;
And ſhakes it, that the Yeare may ſwiftly paſſe:
This day; on which the formoſt leading-ſand
Falls from that Glaſſe, ſhooke by his haſty Hand:
That Sand's th'exemplar Seed, by which wee know
How th'Hou'rs of the enſuing Yeare will grow.
Awake, great Queene! for as you hide, or cleere
Your Eyes, wee ſhall diſtruſt, or like the Yeare.
Queenes ſet their Dialls by your beauties light;
By your Eyes learne, to make their owne move right:
Yet know, our expectation when you riſe
Is not intirely furniſh'd from your Eyes;
But wiſely wee provide, how to rejoyce,
In the fruition of your Breath, and Voyce:

Your

Your breath, which Nature the example meant,
From whence our early Bloſſomes take their ſcent;
Teaching our Infant-Flow'rs how to excell
(Ere ſtrong upon their ſtalks) in fragrant ſmell:
Your voyce, which can allure, and charme the beſt
Moſt gawdy-feather'd Chaunter of the Eaſt,
To dwell about your Palace all the Spring,
And ſtill preſerve him ſilent whilſt you ſing.
Riſe then! for I have heard *Apollo* ſweare,
By that firſt luſtre, which did fill his Spheare;
He will not mount, but make eternall Night,
Unleſſe releev'd, and cheriſh'd by your Sight:
Your ſight; which is his warmth, now he is old,
His Horſes weary, and his Chariot cold.

TO

TO EDWARD Earle of *Dorcet*, after his Sickneſſe, and happy recovery.

MY LORD,

I Find the Gentry ſo o're-joy'd i'th Towne,
As if all Priſons (ſafely) were rac'd downe:
As if, the Judges would no more reſiſt
Wrongs with the Law, but each turne Dueliſt;
And not with Statutes, but with Rapiers fence,
At *Maſan's* ward to ſuccour Innocence.
As if ſome truſty Poet now had bin
Choſen with full voyce *City-Chamberlin*;

Their

Their Treaſure kept, and might diſpoſe of it
And th'Orphans Goods, as his free Muſe thought fit.
As if grave Benchers had been ſeene to weare
Loud German Spurres, tall Feathers, and long Haire.
Such wilde inverſions, both of Men, and Lawes,
Amaz'd my Faith, untill I knew, the cauſe
Was your returne to health; which did deſtroy
All griefe in greater Minds, and ſwell their joy:
Which made me gladly vow to dedicate
Each Yeare, a ſolemne ſacrifice to Fate;
Such as ſhould pleaſe old *Eſculapius* too,
More than diſſected Cocks were wont to doe,
(If there be prophecie in Wine) and then
You ſhall be knowne to Altars, as to Men.

Written.

Written,

When Collonell *Goring*

Was beleev'd to be ſlaine, at the ſiege of BREDA.

His death lamented by ENDIMION, ARIGO.

The Scene, the Sea.

ENDIMION.

HO! Pilot! change your Courſe! for know we are
Not guided by the Sea-mans uſuall Starre:
Storme-frighted-Foole! dull, wat'ry Officer!
Doſt thou our Voyage by thy Compaſſe ſteere?
In all the Circle of thy Card, no Winde
Tame, or unruly, thou wilt ever finde
Can bring us where the meaneſt on the Coaſt
Immortall is, and a renowned Ghoſt.

ARIGO.

Let the assembled Winds in their next warre,
Blow out the light, of thy old guiding Starre;
Whilst on uncertaine Waves, thy Bark is tost,
Untill thy Card is rent, thy Rudder lost.
Nor Star, nor Card; though with choyce Winds you (fill
Your Sayles (subdu'd by Navigators skill;)
Can teach thee rule thy Helme, 'till't waft us o're
Pacifique Seas, to the *Elizian* Shore.

ENDIMION.

Who to that flow'ry Land, shall search his way,
No mortall Pilots Compasse must obay;
Nor trust *Columbus* art, although he can
Boast longer toyles, than he, or *Magilan*:
Thoug in Sea-perils, he could talke them dumbe,
And prove them lazy Criples; bred at home,
By's travailes, he could make the Sunne appeare,
A young, and unexperienc'd Travailer.

ARIGO.

If thou wilt Steere our course, thou must rely
On some majestick, Epick-History;

(The

(The Poet's Compaſſe) ſuch as the blind Prieſt
In fury writ, when like an Exorciſt,
His Numbers charm'd the Grecian Hoſt; whoſe Pen,
The Scepter was, which rul'd the Soules of Men.
Survey his myſtick Card; learne to what Coaſt,
He did tranſport, each brave unbody'd Ghoſt,
New ſhifted from his fleſh; that valiant Crew,
Which fierce *Achilles*, and bold *Hector* ſlew?

ENDIMION.

Enquire, where theſe are now? beneath what Shade,
In deare-bought reſt, their weary Limmes are laid,
That trod on rugged wayes? for Honor ſtill
Leaves the ſmooth Plaine, t'aſcend the rough, ſteepe (Hill.
There ſeeke, the Macedonian Youth; who knew
No worke, ſo full of eaſe, as to ſubdue:
Who ſcarce beleev'd his Conqueſts worthy fame,
Since others thought, his fortune overcame.

ARIGO.

Neere him, the *Epire*-Quarreller doth lie;
Lookes, as he ſcorn'd his immortalitie,
Becauſe of too much reſt; ſeemes ſtill at ſtrife
With Fate, for loſſe of troubles, not of life:

Griev'd that to dye, hee made ſuch certaine haſt,
Since being dead, the noble Danger's paſt.

ENDIMION.

Neere theſe, goe ſeeke (with Mirtle over-growne)
The Carthaginian Victor's ſhady Throne;
Who there, with ſullen thoughts, much troubled lies;
And chides, the over-carefull Deſtinies;
That theſe Ambitious Neighbours thither ſent
So long before his birth; thus to prevent
Diſhonour at their deaths; O fond ſurmiſe,
Of one, who when but mortall was ſo Wiſe!
As if betimes, they haſtned to a Tombe,
Leſt he b'ing borne, they had been overcome.

ARIGO.

Neere him, the wondrous Roman doth appeare,
Majeſtick, as if made Dictator there;
Where now, the philoſophick Lord, would heale
The wound, he gave him for the Publique Weale:
Which he more ſtrives to hide; as ſham'd his Eye
Should finde, that any wound could make him die.

ENDIMION.

If thou, by the wiſe Poets Card, or Starre,
Canſt bring us where theſe alter'd Monarchs are;
Shift all thy Sayles, to husband ev'ry Winde;
'Till by a ſhort, ſwift paſſage we may finde,
Where *Sidney's* ever-blooming-Throne is ſpred;
For now, ſince one renown'd as he is dead;
(*Goring*, the ſtill lamented, and belov'd!)
He hath enlarg'd his Bow'r, and farre remov'd
His leſſe heroique Neighbours, that gave place
To him; the laſt of that ſoone number'd Race.

ARIGO.

Whom he muſt needs delight to celebrate,
Becauſe himſelfe, in manners, and in Fate,
Was his undoubted *Type*: *Goring*, whoſe name
Though early up, will ſtay the laſt with Fame:

ENDIMION.

Though *Sidney* was his Type, fulfill'd above
What he foretaught, of Valour, Bounty, Love:
Who dy'd like him, even there, where he miſtooke
The People, and the Cauſe he undertooke:
Betray'd by Pitty then, to their defence,
Whoſe povertie was all their innocence:

And ſure, if to their helpe a Third could come,
Beguild by Honour, to ſuch Martyrdome;
Sufficient like theſe Two, in braine, as blood;
The World in time would thinke, their cauſe is good.

ARIGO.

Thus he forſooke his glories being young:
The Warriour is unlucky, who lives long;
And brings his courage in ſuſpect; for he
That aymes at honour, i'th ſupreme degree,
Permits his Valour to be over-bold,
Which then, ne're keepes him ſafe, 'till he be old.

ENDIMION.

His Bounty, like his Valour, unconfin'd;
As if not borne to Treaſure, but aſſign'd
The Rents of lucky Warre; each Day to be
Allow'd, the profits of a Victorie!
Not of poore Farmes, but of the World the Lord!
Heire, to inteſtate Nations by his Sword.

ARIGO.

In Valour thus, and bounty, rays'd above
The vulgar height, ſo in deſignes of Love;

For

For onely gentle Love could him ſubdue;
A noble crime, which ſhew'd his Valour, true:
It is the Souldier's teſt; for juſt ſo far
He yeelds to Love, he overcomes in War.

ENDIMION.

But why *Arigo*, doe wee ſtrive to rayſe
The Story of our loſſe, with helpleſſe praiſe?
Why to this Pilot mourne, whoſe Eares can reach
Nothing leſſe loud, than Winds, or Waters breach?
Or thinke, that he can guide us to a Coaſt,
Where wee may finde, what all the World hath loſt?

ARIGO.

About then! *Lee* the Helme! *Endimion* I ſee;
Looſe Wreaths (not of the Bay, but Cypreſſe Tree)
Our Poet weares, and on the Shore doth mourne,
Fearing, t'*Elizium* bound, wee can't returne.
Steere back! his Verſe may make thoſe Sorrowes laſt
Which here, wee 'mongſt unhallow'd Sea-men waſte.

TO THE LORD *Cary* of Lepington, upon his translation of MALVEZZI.

SO swift is Thought; this Morne I tooke my flight
To ruin'd Babell, and return'd to Night:
So strong, that Time (whose course no pow'r could (slack)
I have enforc'd some Forty ages back:
To me, that great disorder, and decay,
Was both begun, and consummate to Day:
My selfe, some strong Chaldean Mason there,
Still sore, with massie Stones they made me beare:
Just now (me thinkes) I'm struck, for some command
Mistooke, in words I could not understand.

So

So lasting are great Griefes, wee still retaine
Remembrance of them, though wee lose the paine:
And that Confusion did a griefe comprise,
Greatest, in that it most concern'd the Wise:
For these (who best deserve the care of Fate)
The first great Curse, much lesse did penetrate,
Which makes us labour for our Food so long,
Than that which mix'd, or cancell'd ev'ry Tongue:
'Cause now wee toyle, and swet for knowledge more,
Than for the Body's nourishment before.

Knowledge; ere it did practise to controle,
No Weapon was, but Diet of the Soule;
Which as her nourishment, she might enjoy,
Not like Controverts, others to destroy:
And this her Food (like Milke) did nourish best,
'Cause it was safe, and easie to digest:
Which Milke, that Curse on Languages turn'd sowre,
For Men scarce taste, what they could erst devoure:
Since now, we are preparing to be dead,
Ere we can halfe interpret what wee read.

Yet he, that for our Bodyes tooke such care,
That to each Wound, there sev'rall Med'cins are;

In nobler pitty, ſurely hath aſſign'd
A cure, for ev'ry miſchiefe of the Minde:
So this revenge (perhaps) was but to trie
Our patience firſt, and then our induſtrie.
Since hee ordain'd, that beautious Truth ſhould ſtill
Be overcaſt, and hid from humane skill;
Sure he affects that Warre, which Schoole-men wage;
When to know Truth, doth make their knowledge, rage:
So Truth, is much more precious than our peace;
Though ſome fond Politicks, eſteeme her leſſe:
Lazy obedience, is to them devout;
And thoſe rebellious, that diſpute, or doubt,
But you (my Lord) muſt Valiantly deſpiſe
Their threats, that would keep Knowledge in diſguiſe,
And toyle with Languages to make her cleere;
Which is, to be a juſt Interpreter.
And this ſelected Peece, which you tranſlate,
Foretells, your Studies may communicate,
From darker Dialects of a ſtrange Land,
Wiſdome, that here th'unlearn'd ſhall underſtand.
What noble wonders may in time appeare,
When all, that's forreigne, growes domeſtick here?

When

When all the ſcatter'd World you reconcile,
Unto the Speech, and Idiom of this Isle:
How like a gen'rall Scepter rules that Pen,
Which Mankind makes, one kind of Country-men?

To

To *Henry Farmin.*

HOw wicked am I now? no Man can grow
More wicked, till he ſwears, I am not ſo:
Since Wealth, which doth authorize Men to erre,
Since Hope, (that is the lawfull'ſt Flatterer)
Were never mine one houre; yet I am loth
To have leſſe pride, than Men poſſeſs'd of both:
Fuller of glory, than old Victors be,
That thanke themſelves, not Heav'n for Victorie:
Prouder than Kings firſt Miſtreſſes, who thinke
Their Eies, gazing on Stars, would make Stars winke;
That hope, they rule not by imperiall place,
But by ſome beautious Charter in the Face.
Yet this my pride, and glory, I thinke loſt
Unleſſe declar'd, and heightned with a boaſt;

Am I not bravely wicked then? and ſtill
Shall worſe appeare, in Nature, as in will;
When with my Malice (the grave Wit of Sinne)
T'excuſe my ſelfe, I draw the whole World in;
Prove all in pride, in triviall glory ſhare;
Though not ſo harmeleſſe in't, as Poets are.

When Battailes joyne, alas! what is't doth move
('Gainſt all Celeſtiall harmony of Love)
The Gallant Warriour to aſſault his Foe?
Whoſe Vices, and whoſe Face, he ne're did know:
Why would he kill? or why, for Princes fight?
They quarrell more for glory, than for right:
The pride then he defends, he'ld puniſh too,
As if more Juſt in him, than in the Foe.

Th'Ambitious States-man not himſelfe admires
For what he hath, but what his pride deſires;
Doth inwardly confeſſe, he covets ſway,
Becauſe he is too haughty to obay:
Who yeeld to him, doe not their reaſon pleaſe,
But hope, their patience may procure them eaſe.
How proudly glorious doth he then appeare,
Whom ev'n the Proud, envy, the humble, feare.

The Studious (that in Books ſo long have ſought
What our Wiſe Fathers did, or what they thought)
Admit not Reaſon to be naturall,
But forc'd, harſh, and uneaſie unto all:
Well may it be ſo, when from our Soul's Eyes,
With dark Schoole-Clouds, they keepe it in diſguiſe:
They ſeeme to know, what they are loth t'impart;
Reaſon (our Nature once) is now their Art:
And by ſophiſtick, uſeleſſe-ſcience, trie
T'ingage us ſtill, to their falſe induſtrie;
T'untie that knot, which they themſelves have ty'd;
And had been looſe to all, but for their pride:
Their pride; who rule as chiefe on Earth, becauſe
They only can expound, their owne hard Lawes.

Since thus, all that direct what others doe,
Are proud; why ſhould not Poets be ſo too?
Although not good, tis proſperous at leaſt
To imitate the greateſt, not the beſt.
Know then, I muſt be proud! but when I tell
The cauſe that makes my nouriſh'd glory ſwell,
I ſhall (like lucky Penſils) have the fate,
T'exceed the Patterns, which I imitate.

This

This not implies, to be more proud than they,
But bravely to be proud, a better way:
And thus (*Arigo*) I may safely climbe,
Rays'd with the boaſt, not loaden with the crime:
Thoſe, with their glorious Vices taken be,
But I (moſt right'ouſly) am proud of thee.

To

To *Tho: Carew.*

(1)

VPon my conſcience whenſo e'rethou dy'ſt (Lent)
(Though in the black, the mourning time of
There will be ſeene, in Kings-ſtreet (where thou ly'ſt)
More triumphs, than in dayes of Parl'ament.

(2)

How glad, and gaudy then will Lovers be?
For ev'ry Lover that can Verſes read,
Hath beene ſo injur'd by thy Muſe, and thee,
Ten Thouſand, Thouſand times, he wiſh'd thee dead.

(3)

Not but thy Verſes are as ſmooth, and high,
As Glory, Love, or Wine, from Wit can rayſe;

But

But now the Devill take ſuch deſtinie!
What ſhould commend them, turnes to their (diſprayſe.

(4)

Thy Wit's chiefe Virtue, is become its Vice;
For ev'ry Beauty thou haſt rays'd ſo high,
That now courſe-Faces carry ſuch a price,
As muſt undoe a Lover, if he buy.

(5)

Scarce any of the Sex, admits commerce;
It ſhames mee much to urge this in a Friend;
But more, that they ſhould ſo miſtake thy Verſe,
Which meant to conquer, whom it did commend.

TO
Doctor *Duppa*, Deane of Chriſt-Church, and Tutor to the Prince.

An acknowledgment for his collection, in Honour of *Ben. Iohnſon's* memory.

HOw ſhall I ſleepe to night, that am to pay
By a bold vow, a mighty Debt ere Day?
Which all the Poets of this Iſland owe:
Like Paines, neglected, it will greater grow.
How vainly from my ſingle Stock of Wit,
(As ſmall, as is my Art, to Husband it).
I have adventur'd what they durſt not doe
With ſtrong confed'rate Art, and Nature too.
This Debt hereditary is, and more
Than can be pay'd for ſuch an Anceſtor;

Who

Who living, all the Muſes Treaſure ſpent,
As if they him, their Heire, not Steward meant.
Forreſts of Mirtle, he diſforreſted,
That neere to Helicon their ſhades did ſpred;
Like Moderne Lords, w'are ſo of Rent bereft;
Poets, and they, have nought but Titles left:
He waſted all in Wreaths, for's conqu'ring Wit;
Which was ſo ſtrong, as nought could conquer it
But's Judgment's force, and that more rul'd the ſenſe
Of what he writ, than's Fancy's vaſte expence.
Of that hee ſtill was laviſhly profuſe;
For joyne the remnant-Wealth of ev'ry Muſe,
And t'will not pay the Debt wee owe to thee,
For honours done unto his Memory:
Thus then, he brought th'Eſtate into decay,
With which, this Debt, wee as his Heires ſhould pay.
As ſullen Heires, when waſtefull Fathers die,
Their old Debts leave for their Poſteritie
To cleere; and the remaining Akers ſtrive
T'enjoy, to keepe them pleaſant whilſt alive;
So I (alas!) were to my ſelfe unkinde,
If from that little Wit, he left behinde,

I ſimply

I ſimply ſhould ſo great a debt defray;
I'le keepe it to maintaine mee, not to pay.
Yet, for my ſoul's laſt quiet when I die,
I will commend it to poſteritie:
Although 'tis fear'd ('cauſe they are left ſo poore)
They'll but acknowledge, what they ſhould reſtore:
However, ſince I now may erne my Bayes,
Without the taint of flatterie in prayſe;
Since I've the luck, to make my prayſes true,
I'le let them know, to whom this Debt is due:
Due unto you, whoſe learning can direct
Why Faith muſt truſt, what Reaſon would ſuſpect:
Teach Faith to rule, but with ſuch temp'rate law,
As Reaſon not deſtroys, yet keeps't in awe:
Wiſe you; the living-Volume, which containes
All that induſtrious Art, from Nature gaines;
The uſefull, open-Booke, to all unty'd;
That knowes more, than halfe-Knowers ſeeme to hide
And with an eaſie cheerefulneſſe reveale,
What they, through want, not ſullenneſſe conceale.
That, to great-faithleſſe-Wits, can truth diſpence
'Till't turne, their witty ſcorne, to reverence:

Mak

Make them confeſſe, their greateſt error ſprings,
From curious gazing on the leaſt of Things;
With reading ſmaller prints, they ſpoyle their Sight,
Darken themſelves, then rave, for want of light:
Shew them, how full they are of ſubtle ſinne,
When Faith's great Cable, they would nicely ſpinne
To Reaſon's ſlender Threads; then (falſely bold)
When they have weakned it, cry, t'wilt not hold!

To him, that ſo victorious ſtill doth grow,
In knowledge, and t'enforce others to know;
Humble in's ſtrength; not cunning, to beguile,
Nor ſtrong, to overcome, but reconcile:
To Arts Milde Conqueror; that is, to you,
Our ſadly mention'd Debt, is juſtly due:
And now Poſteritie is taught to know,
Why, and to whom, this mighty Summe they owe,
I ſafely may goe ſleep; for they will pay
It all at times, although I breake my Day.

FINIS.

HE

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